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—OR—

Ten Years BEHIND THE SCENES

—IN—

WASHINGTON CITY

By A Washington Journalist.

Washington, D.C.
1885.

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Ten Years Behind the Scenes

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
1885.

DEDICATED

TO

SAMUEL P. BUTLER,

The brilliant young journalist, who, when located at the National Capital, never hesitated to attack official corruption, and expose knaves of high and low degree.

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PREFACE.

A book without a preface is like a man without a nasal adornment, or a dog without the regulation caudal appendage. I shall utilize this to remark that I have undertaken the task of laying bare the iniquities and shortcomings of those in high places, inasmuch as the Washington press appears to be completely subsidized, and does not possess the temerity to assail the cancer of corruption which has well-nigh destroyed the good name of the nation. I shall be more than repaid if the changed Administration ceases not until the scurvy characters to whom reference is made in these pages are remanded to the shades of private life.

After this edition went to press I became possessed of additional information of so important a character as to warrant the publication of a second edition, which will appear about April 10th.

Persons who are cognizant of well-authenticated instances of official corruption will greatly oblige by imparting the same to me before March 10th.

THE AUTHOR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January*, 1885.

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CHAPTER I.

WASHINGTON CITY UNVEILED.

REMINISCENCES AND FACTS REGARDING THE PROMINENT GAY LOTHARIOS OF THE FEDERAL CITY—RICH, RARE, AND RACY READING.

A residence of ten years at the National Capital has fully convinced me of the dangers attendant upon the concentration of such vast powers and patronage in the hands of a few men. Indeed, a knowledge of many of the attendant ills from which the Nation has suffered for many years, and which are growing in enormity year by year, have contributed much toward impairing that high standard of excellence which prevailed in the purer and better days of the Republic.

The domination of one political party for a quarter of a century has been of incalculable injury to the country. Under our peculiar system it is essential that there should be frequent changes of administration. As the waters of the mighty sea are kept from stagnating because of its continual commotions, so the mutations of politics inure to the nation's good. The admirable Mr. Jefferson appreciated the dangers likely to arise from a perversion and abuse of Federal power and patronage, and in many of his incomparable disquisitions on the Constitution he points out the great advantages likely to accrue from the existence of nearly evenly divided political parties, remarking in one of his ablest papers that "under our system of government a majority of one is better than a majority of a thousand." But, whatever may be the cause, there is no denying the fact that a deplorable state of immorality and venality now prevails in Washington.

Jobbery and corruption stalk abroad, striking down all who attempt to place a barrier in their way. The man with a small but an honest claim before Congress or the Departments is kicked aside as though he were a cur, while the bloated bondholder, after the manner of a Gould or a Huntington, is granted access everywhere, receiving wherever he goes the truculent homage of those in high places. It has long been an axiom among lobbyists at Washington that a claim is practically worthless that is not large enough to

furnish a corruption fund that would amount to at least $100,000. What a sad picture is now presented in Washington city! Under the changed administration will the same ills prevail which the Scriptures tell us are a reproach to any people? There is more intrigue carried on in that city than the average American ever dreamed of. The very nature of the surroundings tends to create this deplorable state of immorality. With a population of 200,000 souls, there is not a manufactory, and those without bank accounts have to look to the various Departments of the Government for employment. It is indeed strange that the better classes of Washingtonians have not made an effort to redeem the reputation of the Federal city in that regard. The climate is mild, the water-power abundant, and with accessibility to the markets, North, South, East, and West, it is indeed passing strange that cotton, tobacco, brush, box, tub, and other manufactories have not long since been established, thus affording employment for the poor of both sexes. Annually there are hundreds, yea, thousands, of young girls who, for want of employment, prostitute themselves for bread. THE CLASS OF MEN WHO LEAD THEM ASTRAY do not, as a rule, belong to the humble walks of life. Capitalists, lobbyists, mail contractors, and members of Congress are foremost in inducing them to enter upon lives of shame. Talk about your New York *dude*, but for downright effrontery commend me to certain congressmen for the characteristics that distinguish a veritable Blue Beard. How happily doth the Scripture describe these men when it speaks of the whited sepulchre, which outwardly is all beauty and comeliness, but inwardly is filled with dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

The favorite method of those congressmen and others who embark in the business of leading young girls into evil courses is to obtain them employment in the Departments. Occasionally a young girl, possessing nerve and shrewdness, makes fair promises until she is *ensconced* in her office, when she snaps her fingers in the face of her "influence," telling him that she will report the matter to his wife, or lay the facts before the public in an opposition paper, if she is dismissed from her position. The scoundrels who make it a business to thus wrong young girls are arrant cowards, and the fear of the tongue of a plucky office girl has made many of them tremble like aspens. There are cases where young girls have gotten

offices, and held them, too, by means of such threats. Many incompetent girls are known to be retained in the service through the demands of their "influence," lest the aforesaid girls create a scandal, by telling how and from whom their appointments were obtained.

But the immorality of Washington is not exclusively confined to baldpated congressmen. Business men are also engaged in the nefarious practices which are a curse and a reproach to the Nation's capital. One of the principal merchants in that city is known for the number of his *liasons*, which almost equal in variety those which made glad the heart of the wise Solomon. This man has A PENCHANT FOR DEPARTMENT GIRLS, and on almost any pleasant evening he may be seen driving one or more of them out behind a spanking pair of blacks. This fellow actually keeps a room gorgeously furnished over his store, where he spends much of his time with women of questionable virtue. He is rich, and lavishes money on his favorites, who fare sumptuously every day. His *peccadilloes* are well known to high officials, who wink at his practices, and hold themselves in readiness to promote his favorites to the highest grades in the service.

Let me say to the maidens of the country that Washington is no place for such of them as are not blessed with good looks. Merit, capacity, industry, count for naught unless supplemented by a pretty face and winning ways. Indeed, I have heard it hinted that a pretty girl is a great promoter of sound governmental policy. There are those who affect to declare that not a scheme of legislation or a wise financial stroke of policy has originated and been carried through to a successful termination in Washington that did not owe its inspiration to lovely Department girls. Cabinet officers and statesmen of lesser grade love to dwell to their familiars upon the solacing and soothing effect of these girls after the arduous duties of the day are over. The versatile and accomplished Col. W. P. Wood, late Chief of the Secret Service Division of the Treasury, relates how he was sent for by a Secretary of the Treasury and told that he (Wood) must stop the immoral practices being indulged in by Treasury employés. "Very well," responded Wood, "I will commence right here in your room, Mr. Secretary. You must stop associating with that blonde, and you must eschew the charms of that dashing young widow I saw you with last night."

It is needless to add that Wood never heard further complaint, and the improprieties of the Treasury continued as of yore. It has not been six years since the sister-in-law of a First Assistant Postmaster-General was caught in a doubtful position with the chief of a division in the Post-office Department. The particulars of this scandal, together with the likenesses of the pair, were duly published in the Police Gazette. As a truthful chronicler of important events, I am constrained to assert that THE LITTLE FINGER OF FOX, OF THE POLICE GAZETTE, AS A CONSERVATOR OF GOOD MORALS, IS FAR HEAVIER THAN THE LOINS OF ALL THE CABINET OFFICERS COMBINED. Men and women in Washington, as elsewhere, live in mortal dread of that paper, and the fear of seeing their faces and antecedents appear in it induces many of them to mend their ways and lead exemplary lives.

But I must devote some space to THE LEADING IMMORAL ABODES of the American Paris. These dens of vice are within pistol shot of the State Department, the most aristocratic locality in Washington. It was to one of these caravansaries that a very high official is alleged to have taken a prominent society woman, the particulars of which appeared at the time in the Washington papers and in those of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Louisville, Ky., and in the Police Gazette. The houses referred to are said to be owned by a contractor of the name of ——, who is on intimate terms with a high District official, who protects his vile tenants and enables them to ply their avocations under the very shadow of the White House.

It is, indeed, a disgrace to the American people that all of the disreputable denizens of the Federal city are located in the very centre thereof. Just one square south of Pennsylvania avenue, between 11th and 14th streets, are located nine-tenths of the Washington bagnios. Without going by a circuitous route it is impossible for respectable people to reach either the Smithsonian grounds or the Agricultural Department without running the gauntlet of the Washington *demi-monde*. Is it possible that such a low class of people and their patrons have influence enough to protect them in the heart of the Nation's Capital? As a matter of fact the value of South Washington real estate is deteriorated because many persons do not care to reside in a locality which would necessitate their passing through that notorious locality. Whose duty is it to rid

the city of the presence of these offensive people? It is hoped that Mr. Cleveland's Commissioners of the District of Columbia will lose no time in making them "move on," as their continuance in that locality will be a national shame and a disgrace.

THE WIDOW OLIVER

should be informed that she has exercised a reformatory influence in Washington. The vim and energy with which she hauled Simon Cameron over the judicial coals has had the tendency to at least make many Solons more cautious. A few months ago some worthy, but poor Pennsylvania ladies came to Washington to obtain employment, and invoked the services of Don Cameron in their behalf. Don waxed wroth, and swore like a trooper. He declared that the experience of his old father made him suspicious of everything in petticoats, and he would decline to aid them. These girls soon returned home, taking their reputations with them, which would not have survived long had they stopped in the modern Sodom.

HOW PRESIDENT HAYES SOLD HIS SAW-MILL—HOW THE MAN WHO DREW MR. TILDEN'S SALARY HAD AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

A few months before Hayes' nomination for the Presidency, he possessed himself of a saw-mill, which he erected among the wild lands in Northwest Ohio. It was a natural investment for a man of Hayes' caliber, because he had proved a failure as a lawyer, and there was little else for him to do besides engaging in the ever-convenient saw-mill business. Or perhaps he argued that, as he was unfitted for any other pursuit, he would prove a successful manipulator of a saw-mill, on the principle of the Tennessean who was sure that his canine was a good coon dog because he was fit for nothing else. Hayes soon discovered that there was not much money in sawing logs, so he looked around to find a purchaser for his lumber-producing establishment. After a little effort, he succeeded in disposing of his establishment of productive industry to Messrs. Le Duc and Rogers, two business men of his acquaintance, in whose ability to run a saw-mill Hayes had great confidence. "Surely these men will be able to run the enterprise satisfactorily, and thus get me out of this saw-mill scrape," argued the embryo President. But Le Duc and Rogers met with no better success in converting

pine and ash boards into cash than did Hayes. Meanwhile Hayes became President, and as the saw-mill was still unpaid for, and as Rogers and Le Duc were running deeper and deeper into debt every month, with the prospect of ever being able to pay for it growing beautifully less, as time flew by Hayes bethought him of the idea of making the United States settle with him in full for the vexatious concern. So he lost no time in tendering the Agricultural Bureau to Le Duc and the private secretaryship to his fraudulency to Rogers, with the stipulation that they should monthly turn over to him one-half of their salaries, to be credited to the account of the saw-mill. Le Duc and Rogers soon discovered that they could not live in a style becoming high-toned officials on the little left them after meeting the saw-mill demands, and so one day they stated their embarrassment to Hayes, requesting that he would allow them to return him the mill, together with all payments made thereon. At that juncture, when the Chief Executive of a great nation was parleying in his mind as to the best course of pursuance with regard to the saw-mill, in stalked Mr. Carl Shurz, whose auricular adornment caught the sound of the word "saw-mill." "What is that, Mr. President," asked Schurz; "are you about to invest in a saw-mill?" "No, indeed," responded Hayes, "I am just trying to dispose of one, but I confess it is rather down-hill business, as men capable of running such an establishment seem rather scarce hereabouts." "I have a solution of the whole matter," remarked Schurz; "there is no better civilizer and christianizer of the Indians than a saw-mill. I verily believe that the 'saw-mill' is destined to eventually solve the vexed Indian question, and I would be glad to buy it for Red Cloud and his people." After a few remarks, the bargain was struck, and Schurz ordered the Indian Bureau to pay $12,000 for the troublesome saw-mill, which soon went farther West on its mission of civilization, very much to the gratification of Rogers and Le Duc, who at once pictured for themselves the better times they would have with the whole instead of one-half of their monthly stipends.

Mr. Samuel J. Tilden doubtless remembers many characteristics of Hayes—how he would draw his salary always in advance, placing the money in bank, where he was allowed one per cent. a month for its use; but he never knew, perhaps, this true story of how he

disposed of his saw-mill. The good people of the Nation often wondered what were the merits of such a brace of idiots as Le Duc and Rogers, that they should have been placed in charge of such responsible trusts, but the mystery is now cleared up, I hope, to their entire satisfaction. Wherever this volume may reach Messrs. Le Duc and Rogers, whether in the forests of Michigan or among the well-tilled regions of Ohio, let them not forget the episode of the saw-mill, from which they may extract the pleasing moral that a man who soon expects to become President is an unsafe person from whom to purchase a saw-mill.

THE DEVICES OF A CLAIM ATTORNEY AND HIS WILY CONFEDERATES.

It has not been ten years since a bold design to extract money from the Federal Treasury was thwarted by the inflexible integrity and nerve of the head of the nation's exchequer. It appears that three or four old fossil lobbyists, distinguished by their red nasal appendages, and by their readiness to step up to the bar and take a smile "whenever asked," concocted a scheme to blackmail a Secretary of the Treasury, and force him, under the threat of exposure, to pay a claim of a very doubtful nature. The agency employed by them was A DASHING FRAIL CREATURE, whom they imported from West Virginia. She is described as having been a beautiful brunette, with liquid black eyes, and a complexion that would rival a ripe peach. Young, beautiful, and vivacious, she was seemingly just the medium required for making old "money-bags" open the vault of the Treasury and permit the old barnacles referred to to fill their pockets from the national coffers. Attired neatly, but not gaudily, in the weeds of a widow, the siren appeared before the head of the Nation's exchequer and earnestly begged that she might be employed in an humble capacity, intimating by her bewitching smiles and amorous glances that she would reciprocate by granting the Secretary any favor in her power. The Secretary was impressed by her winning ways, and, to make a long story short, gave her a minor clerkship, promising to visit her at her residence on 18th street the evening following. True to appointment he rang the door bell at the siren's boarding-house, was met by her and ushered into her modest apartment.

In about twenty minutes he heard loud and boisterous talking, and could distinctly overhear threats by seemingly enraged

bullies as to what they would do to the illustrious deceiver of a lone widow. Suddenly the door was burst open by a negro confederate, who carried off the Secretary's hat. At this juncture one of the lobbyists placed his mouth to the keyhole, when the following colloquy ensued: Lobbyist. "This is a nice place for a Secretary of the Treasury to be. We have now caught you fairly, and intend to force you to go home without your hat unless you at once consent, in writing, to pay the —— claim by twelve o'clock to-morrow." Secretary. "I appreciate the fact that I have fallen into the hands of a d—n set of scoundrels. You may degrade and disgrace me; but, as the custodian of the Nation's Treasury, I will see you all in h—l before I will consent for you to rob the Government of a cent." The Secretary was then permitted to wend his way homeward, a wiser if not a happier man. The aforesaid lobbyists were never prosecuted, because their intended victim wanted to avoid a scandal, but their names were known to the "boys" about town, who often "joked" them about their failure to use the widow's charms as a key for unlocking the Government's strong-box. The details of this scandal are well known to many members of the Washington bar, from the most distinguished of whom, whose office is in the Evans building, I first heard of the disgusting affair. Of course, the Chief of the Secret Service was put upon the siren's track, and under threat of prosecution she left the city, and is now probably plying her avocation in other parts.

I shall be more than repaid for these *exposés* if the knowledge of them by the general public shall result in a higher standard of morals for the public man of the future; and if it does not, it is high time that the intelligent and virtuous women of the country were elected to office as a check on the immoralities of public men.

It has been exceedingly disagreeable to have to recount these unpleasant truths. I have awaited for years the exposition of these abuses from the Christian men and women of the capital. Only when I became fully convinced that these immoralities were destined to go unrebuked, did I determine to expose them. I am willing to bear the scoffs and jeers of the "holier-than-thou" crew if what I have written results in the purification of the public service.

CHAPTER II.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

THE SCURVY CHARACTERS WHO GAIN EASY ADMITTANCE THERETO.

Reader, I would be derelict in my duty as a faithful chronicler were I to fail to devote a chapter to so-called Washington Society. Shoddy, shoddy, shoddy is the ruling spirit in Washington. Birds of passage from all quarters of the globe here do congregate. The sole requisite of admission to our best society is good clothes and a gaudy display of jewelry. A beaux is regarded especially happy, and is always eligible, who sports a diamond, genuine or paste. I have known young men who were admitted to the most select circles who had absolutely nothing to recommend them but an inordinate degree of brass—an ulster that quite covered their patched "swell clothes," and who sported the requisite regulation imitation diamond pin. Marshall Jewell, when acting as Grant's Postmaster General, seemed to have formed a proper estimate of these society creatures; for when he gave a reception on a notable occasion, he huddled the above class into an ante-room and stuffed them with sandwiches which they washed down with a poor article of sherry, while the "upper crust" regaled themselves in the parlors with Mumm's best and costly confectionery.

It is unnecessary for the ordinary adventurer to bring letters of introduction when he visits Washington. He might bring a dozen letters from the best known people in the States, but if the average Washington *belle* discovered a defect in the fit of his ulster, or if his necktie does not correspond with his raiment, he would be inexorably tabooed.

Judge Warden, of Ohio, an eminent jurist and journalist, who acted as private secretary to Andrew Johnson, relates with great interest the shortcomings of the Washington society people. Among other notable cases of shoddyism he cited the case of a notorious lawyer, who, after "doing" New York City, removed to Washington in 1874. Judge Warden had known him as an unprincipled adventurer in Gotham, and judge of his surprise when he found him *ensconced* in a fine house, beautifully furnished, in one of the most aristocratic precincts in Washington.

This old whited sepulchre had actually made victims of real estate agents, furniture dealers, grocers, etc., and without the expenditure of a dollar found himself at the head of a magnificently furnished residence. The woman whom he passed off as his wife was a notorious New York character who had rioted at the lowest haunts of the Bowery. The winter of '74 and '75 was notable for the brilliant receptions at Washington, and none of them excelled in grandeur those of the aforesaid old reprobate, whom I shall designate as Judge ———. His receptions were attended by the wives of U. S. Senators, Justices of the Supreme Court and the Court of Claims, Members of Congress, Chiefs of Bureaus, &c. It was in the midst of these hilarious entertainments that Judge Warden quietly breathed into the ear of Justice Mathews that Judge J's house was not just the place for Mrs. Mathews to visit. Thereupon Mrs. M. told Mrs. So and-So, and Mrs. So-and-So told Mrs. Somebody who the J's were, and those brilliant receptions came to a sudden end. A few months since this Judge ——— was lodged in jail, where he repined for a month because he was too characterless to furnish bail to the small amount of $500 for his appearance at court. Judge Warden also recounts how a notorious male *procurer* from New York, accompanied by an adventuress, engaged an elegant house on F street, near the Treasury, which was nightly frequented by eminent statesmen and officials of lesser note. At one of Hayes' receptions this man and woman joined the throng of promenaders and persisted in mingling among respectable people. Judge Warden called the attention of the presence of these offensive people to the master of ceremonies, who quietly walked up and ordered the old *procurer* and his female accomplice to leave the White House. The old scoundrel grew red in the face and his beard trembled with indignation as he swore that he would not leave; that he was quite as good as the Senators and Judges who frequented his house, and that if he was forced to retire he would call the names of six Senators and Members who spent the previous night in his abode. It is needless to add that the old scamp was permitted to remain, lest he create a great scandal by mentioning the names of six prominent habitues of his caravansary. Let me say to the young man who wants to cut a splurge without any cash that Washington City is the place, above all others, for

him to speedily repair to. The people here like to be duped, either in a financial way or in society. He must have a fair address, must be able to dance the German, must have dudish manners, and must be able to please the society young ladies by gushing small talk. If he can fill the above requirements, there is no reason why he should not become a veritable Washington society lion, and bear off the palm at all social gatherings. True, he must be prepared to mingle with greasy Italians and filthy Japanese and Chinese legations, for of such is Washington society especially proud. But the better way would be young man to give Washington a wide berth, as no honor can be derived from mingling in a society which is composed principally of whited sepulchres and unprincipled adventurers congregated from the four corners of the globe.

CHAPTER III.

BILLY McGARAHAN'S CLAIM.

HOW A BRAVE AND WORTHY MAN HAS THUS FAR BEEN SWINDLED BY HIGH OFFICIALS.

A most worthy, but a villainously treated man is Billy McGarahan, the legitimate owner of the New Idria quicksilver mine in California. The evidence is voluminous and conclusive that McGarahan was the first preëmptor of that valuable property. The great and good Abraham Lincoln acknowledged the validity of his claim, and directed his Commissioner of the General Land Office to prepare the papers which he designed to compel the Secretary of rhe Interior to sign, thus restoring to McGarahan the possessions which the New Idria Company had fraudulently deprived him of. But before the land warrants could be perfected, the great Illinoisian fell at the treasonable hands of Wilkes Booth, since which time nothing has been done in the premises and McGarahan has been deprived of property which is unquestionably his. This claim antedates the late war, and so certain were many Northern capitalists that McGarahan would eventually be placed in possession of his own, that they generously raised a purse of $50,000 and presented him, with the expectation of soon being reimbursed at a princely rate of interest. In vain did McGarahan besiege Congress and Congressional committees, praying that he might be granted a hearing, and offering to produce the proofs of the validity of his claim. Month after month and year after year did he frequent the corridors and committee rooms of the Capitol, until his last dollar was spent. He then organized a joint stock company, and by the sale of stock continued the unequal contest, for the New Idria Company had possession of his property, worth many millions, and were fighting him with his own money. Still Congress and the Interior Department declined to afford him relief, and finally the outlook became so gloomy that Billy could no longer sell his stock, when the last means for supplying his *exchequer* were cut off. It was then that venal Congressmen commenced the practice of donating small sums to the claimant for his support, knowing that they would have to stop their *bleeding* process of the New Idria Company as soon as Billy McGarahan retired fron the con-

test. It is a fact well known to the Washington lobby that for the past twenty years the New Idria Company have divided out at least $300,000 annually among Congressmen and Cabinet officers, and thus blindfolded justice, to the end that they might continue in the possession of their ill gotten wealth. Therefore it can readily be understood why the average Congressman should be willing to subscribe $100 toward McGarahan's support when he knew that by keeping the claimant in the field he would be enabled to pocket at lesast fifty times that amount. Not only did the New Idria Company bribe Congressmen and Cabinet officers, out they also debauched nearly every prominent journalist at the Federal Capital. One of the most costly purchases they made of the latter class was Donn Piatt, an unscrupulous Ohian, who had grown gray in the lampooning business in Washington. He edited a paper called *The Capital*, in which he ridiculed and lampooned McGarahan unmercifully. The brave Irishman finally allowed his wrath to get the better of his discretion, and so he sallied forth in search of the offending Piatt, whom he caught in the Senate lobby, where he proceeded to pummel him in the latest pugilistic style. As thick as hail rained the blows upon the face of the astonished Donn until Billy was finally "hauled off" by Senators Saulsbury and Burnside, a brace of peace-loving solons. After the *fracas* it was found that Piatt's left optic was entirely closed, and hss visage frescoed in the most approved style. Never were citizens more rejoiced over an occurrence. Donn's hand had long been against all of them, and theirs' were certainly against him. Grave solons, who had long cherished the deepest animosity against the piratical Piatt for the unmerciful castigations they had received at his hands, rejoiced and were exceeding glad. They even presented the plucky Irishman a gold-headed cane and a well-filled purse as a slight token of the illustrious public service he rendered in flogging their old persecutor. Even Marshall Jewell, remarkable for his dignity, became voluble, and publicly informed McGarahan that he was a National benefactor. Donn retired to a harbor of safety to repair his rigging, and from the awe inspiring journalist he became the laughing stock of the hotel lobbies. The old *rounders*, who were formerly demoralized even by the mention of Piatt's name, now assumed an air of bravado, and declared that

they always knew that he was a coward. From a live lion he was suddenly transformed into a dead canine, and those who before trembled in their boots when his paper appeared, were ready to give him a kick and send him faster on his downward flight. Poor Donn never recovered from the mortification of that flogging, and the last heard of him he was hiding at Mac-a-Cheek, Ohio, "under a barn." Such is the simple story of one of the most barefaced robberies that was ever perpetrated in America. The failure of Congress to impeach high officials who stand in the way of this worthy claimant and have long prevented him frem obtaining justice, is a crying shame; but nothing better can be expected of a body of men, many of whom have reaped a rich harvest from the New Idria Company.

CHAPTER IV.

CARL SCHURZ AS A CIVIL SERVICE REFORMER.

REMINISCENCES OF HIS MALADMINISTRATION AS SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

Mr. Carl Schurz is an easy-going fellow, whose sunny locks and nasal appendage speak plainly enough that he is from the *Faderland*. It is said that he left his country for his country's good, and that he retired from Teutonic soil between two suns. In the course of events he turned up in the United States, after having lived as long as he safely could in England. In the midst of the great civil war he appeared at Washington in the *role* of an office seeker, and was made a full-fledged Major General by Mr. Lincoln. His military record was confined to dress parades and to the mapping out of wordy campaigns, in which he peculiarly excelled. It was once said of him on the floors of Congress, by a Connecticut man, that he was "a general without a single victory, a lawyer without clients, and a statesman without a single triumph." Before Hayes, the infamous, had been waited upon by the Cincinnati Convention Committee and informed of his nomination, Schurz visited him at his home in Fremont, Ohio, and drove a sharp bargain whereby the "Dutch tramp" was to be given a seat in the Cabinet. That was one of the few promises made by Hayes that he kept. In due time Hayes, by aid of the Returning Board, entered the White House, and Schurz seated himself in the Interior Department. No sooner was he *ensconced* in that high office than he set about to show the public how great an ass he could make himself under the guise of a civil service reformer. He turned things topsy turvy, and instituted so many innovations that old and faithful employés were seriously hindered in the discharge of their official duties. He instituted the system of subjecting messengers and watchmen to rigid examinations. Men whose duties consisted in carrying letters and parcels from one office to another, and who were expected to guard and protect the public property, were required to go before examining boards and answer such questions as the following: "What is the distance of Venus from the sun?" "Name the principal rivers in Germany." "What is the population of Ashantee?" etc. Indeed it is said that it was during one of those

examinations, when the watchmen were trying to answer those knotty questions instead of being at their posts of duty, that the Patent Office fire occurred. That valuable public building would not have been destroyed had Schurz permitted the watchmen to remain at their posts of duty, instead of subjecting them to a farcical civil service examination. To show how impracticable a man Schurz was, it must be stated that he completely lost his head during that fire, and was seen to pitch mirrors and chandeliers out of the windows, while he carried andirons and fenders down stairs and carefully placed them on the sidewalk. Schurz affected to cherish the most supreme contempt for machine politicians. He frowned upon the attempt of anybody to get office unless the office was Schurz himself. Especially was he "down on" the carpet-baggers from the South, although he was a well known bird of passage himself—a sort of a prince among carpet-baggers. His master, Hayes, was the creature of the Southern Returning Boards, yet Schurz would not permit such men as Wells, Anderson, Cosanore and Kellogg to even enter his presence. The manner of fraud he was may be illustrated by the following anecdote: Mr. Zach. Chandler, the author of the assertion, "Hayes has 185 votes and is elected," was especially anxious to have one of his henchmen appointed to a clerkship in the Interior Department. He knew it would be futile to ask his appointment, and so he resorted to the following subterfuge: He made the young man file his application with Schurz's appointment clerk, and the next day he appeared before the "Dutch tramp" when the following colloquy ensued: Chandler. "I understand, Mr. Secretary, that a young man named Brown, from my State, has filed an application for a clerkship. I have called, sir, to protest against his appointment. He has no Republican influence, and is only supported by two Democratic Congrefsmen. I make it a rule to oppose any man in my State who is on good terms with Democrats, and I hope, sir, that you will aid me in preserving a proper degree of party discipline in Michigan." With this little speech Mr. Channler retired, bidding the "tramp" a gracious "good-bye." Mo sooner was Zach. fairly out of the Interior Department building than Schurz sent for one Stiles, his appointment clerk, and directed that Brown be given a $1,200 clerkship. Chandler's *ruse* was a complete success, and many a

time did he make the "Stalwarts" roar with laughter as he related how he had made a "d——n fool" of Civil Service Reformer Schurz and secured the appointment of one of his young henchmen. Among other acquaintances Schurz had a good friend in the peron of a Dutchman of the name of Freund. This Freund was a good *caterer*, and soon found out that the best avenue to Schurz's affections was down his throat. He appointed Freund *caterer* for the Interior Department and issued an order requiring that all of his clerks should take their lunch in the building. Of course they understood the purport of the order, and every day at twelve o'clock they would file into Freund's establishment and fill themselves with *saur kraut*, stale cheese and pretzels. Next to catching his clerks and cramming cold victuals down their throats, this mandate of Schurz was just the thing. The "Dutch tramp" feathered his nest while in Hayes' Cabinet, and it has been openly charged in the press, and never denied, that for and in consideration of Schurz's official action in certain Minnesota lands, Villard, the railroad magnate, gave him a controlling interest in the New York *Evening Post*. This charge has often been made in the Washington *Republican* and the New York *Sun*, and if it were false it was certainly in order for the "tramp" to deny it. Schurz is the monumental fraud of the age, and nobody but a villainous character like Hayes would ever have dreamed about elevating him to a Cabinet *portfolio*, a position for which he was manifestly unfitted.

CHAPTER V.

THE POWER OF THE LOBBY.

INFLUENCE OF THE THIRD HOUSE NOW AND FORMERLY—THE METHODS OF UNCLE SAM WARD AND JOE STEWART—TOM SCOTT, HUNTINGTON, AND JAY GOULD—THE YARNS ABOUT BEAUTIFUL FEMALE LOBBYISTS.

The business of lobbying has greatly changed since 1872 and 1873. Before that date men of social and political influence were employed to look after business pending in Congress. Uncle Sam Ward was proud of this title, Rex Vestibuli. But in reality Sam was only a genial, enjoyable old man who entertained handsomely in a variety of ways. He studied the peculiarities of the leading men in both houses, and if they had any whims and notions that could be legitimately gratified, the old man made it his business to gratify them. Some were fond of the table, and Uncle Sam fed them. Occasionally a few were literary in their tastes, and here the many-sided old man was strongest. If they loved rare books he furnished them through his friend Bernard Quaritch, of London. He could tickle the fancy and please the vanity of the poetical with neatly turned complimentary verses. The lovers of fine liquors—the wine bibbers, the brandy drinkers, and whisky guzzlers—Sam could cater to after a fashion that would bring him right into their very heart of hearts. Uncle Sam never dealt in base bribes—that he left to the common herd. He appealed not to avarice or cupidity, but to the brains or stomach. He was an accomplished gentleman, experienced in the practical affairs of life. He had been brought up to trade in his youth, had traveled and wandered everywhere in mature life. The best story Uncle Sam ever told me about himself was how he learned in three weeks to speak an Indian dialect. He was the owner of a ferry in California, as I recollect, running it himself. He made a bet with a miner that he could learn any Indian speech in three weeks. An old Indian chief living near Sam's cabin knew all the dialects of the California tribes. Of course he was fond of fire-water. Sam supplied him in limited quantities, or just sufficient to warm up his old heart and loose his tongue, and then plied him with questions. "It was just a question of memory and flexibility of tongue," said Uncle Sam. "In

less than three weeks I could have made myself understood by any Indian in Califorornia." The old man's strong point was his intimacy with leading Senators. There were some of them who loved royal good brandy, and the very best that could be found in the world Uncle Sam would provide. He was not lavish with it. He knew too much to waste such precious stuff even on the two brandy epicures of the Senate. He reserved the choicest article to warm their obdurate hearts when he wanted particularly to get their attention. He always studied carefully the subject he wanted to interest them in, and made his points in a terse, epigrammatic way that would interest and amuse them. On one occasion a friend of mine was fortunate enough to be presented with a couple of bottles of old Monongahela whisky bottled in 1840. The legend was that the rye from which it was made grew on the hillsides of Western Pennsylvania in 1820. He gave Uncle Sam a taste of one bottle, and after sipping the oily liquid, and smacking his lips a few times, he made my friend tell him where and how he got the stuff. Nothing would do but he must have the unopened bottle. A few weeks afterward my friend received two cases of choice old Madeira, with a note from Uncle Sam, saying: "That bottle of old rye got me the two votes I needed in the Senate."

Joe Stewart, who was long the big boss of the lobby, was a very different sort of a fellow. He was a physical giant—more than 6 feet 2 in height, measuring 44 inches about the chest, and weighing fully 260 pounds. He was the most conspicuous man on the streets, in the hotel lobbies, or about the corridors of the Capitol. He was a strong man intellectually, but uncultured and unaccomplished in any way. He was a bold and reckless gambler in gold and stocks in the exciting days of 1863-4-5. One day he would be rich and the next week without a dollar. He made $60,000 by one operation in gold, and bought a carriage and pair for one of his friends, paying $4,500 for the outfit. The next day Joe had to borrow money of this friend to put up as margin on another venture. His greatest operation was the management of the old Pawnee and Leavenworth Railroad bill—the precursor and pioneer of the Union Pacific. The projectors of the latter had to deal with Joe, and the deal was to exchange their Government guaranteed bonds for the old issues of Pawnee

and Leavenworth. It was these securities that brought the Union Pacific's subsidy through Congress, and Joe made most of the bargain. There was very little diplomacy about Stewart. He was what might be aptly termed the Sullivan of lobbyists. He was not a bad lawyer. He had the faculty of what, in slang parlance is termed "catching on" to the weak points in a case. He was in the habit of dropping into the Supreme Court room and listening to arguments. On more than one occasion he "caught on" to cases which yielded him something handsome. It was in this way that he got the idea that the heirs of Jumel living in France were entitled to the property the old Frenchman had left in New York. He took in with him the Marquis de Chambrun, who went to France, hunted up the heirs, and made contracts with them. A queer story could be told about this litigation, which has recently been settled.

I said the business of the lobby had greatly changed since the seventies. So it has. I remember well during the Credit Mobilier investigation when it was popularly believed that all the crooked Congressmen were scared to death and that a measure the least bit suspicious couldn't get a vote in the House. Sam Randall said to me one day, triumphantly, after Van Trump, of Ohio, had made a raid on a certain scheme: "All we have to do is to wave the black flag at them and they take to their heels." And yet at this very time the Pacific Mail subsidy was quietly going through. John W. Forney was dickering with Dick Irwin, not exactly for Randall's vote, but to keep him from voting at all. Fortunately for Randall's fame he did vote and against the bill. But Forney got $25,000 for his supposed services. There was, however, a very small fraction of the $600,000 spent by Irwin to get the subsidy, paid to men on the outside. Forney and Donn Piatt, Lyman Ellmore and all the outside strikers, got less than $100,000. At least $500,000 went directly to Congressmen—to Representatives and Senators. It was, moreover, disbursed by Congressmen. Irwin knew nothing more than he told. He made his bargains and paid the money, but where it went he never knew. Of course he had his suspicions. He knew what votes were changed. The committee that investigated the scandal got as far as the Third National Bank, where the checks were cashed, but there the scent grew cold. The cashier could not remember

who the men were who identified Bill King. They were two members of the House, and King was not much more than the stakeholder. Of course he got some of the money, but only a fair commission.

All of Huntington's operations in Washington were conducted by himself. The Central Pacific Railroad has always retained at an annual salary an agent at Washington. It paid Dick Franchot, ex-Member of Congress from New York State, a salary of $25,000 a year. He was a bright, capable and shrewd man, but his business was simply to find out and report to Huntington. He could attend to routine matters in the departments and make himself generally useful and agreeable. Having the privilege of the floor, he had facility of access to Members which an outside fellow lacked. It is a great deal easier to chat with Members in the cloak-rooms or at their desks than to run about town and take your chances of finding them at their rooms. In the course of one afternoon an ex-Member can see and talk with twenty Members on the floor of the House or in the cloak-rooms, and gather all ths news and gossip he wants. It would take an unprivileged lobbyist nights and nights to find that many at home. Now, the private and luxuriously furnished retiring lobby in the rear of the Speaker's desk is a capital place for quiet conferences. Formerly this was open to correspondents, but four years ago, when the new rules went into effect, it became to the news purveyors *terra incognita*. They have never had sufficient influence to gain access to its secret precincts. And yet Mr. Huntington never visited the Capital without spending a few hours in that sanctum sanctorum of the House. After the death of Franchot, Charley Shirrell, who formerly lived on the Pacific coast, became the resident agent of the Central Pacific. He was allowed a clerk and messenger, one Boyd, who for a long time was assist ant doorkeeper of the House, and lost his place because Dick Irwin gave him a few hundred dollars for being clever to him while he was buying the Pacific Mail subsidy through. Shirrell is a clever fellow, and attentive to the interests of his employers, but he never ventures to do business on his own hook. He reports to C. P. Huntington, and if the Members can't conveniently take a trip to New York Mr. Huntington comes to Washington. Sometimes he prefers to come here to having the Members visit him in

New York. He is a thrifty man of business, and it is often cheaper to come here than to pay the expenses of several Congressmen. I remember on one occasion another New York capitalist who had business before Congress one winter told me that all through the session of Congress, whenever certain Southern Congressmen visited New York he had to pay their hotel bills, and it was astonishing how many extras were included in those bills. During the consideration of the Thurman Pacific Railroad funding bill in the Senate, Jay Gould came to Washington to conduct in person his campaign against it. He occupied a suite of rooms at the Arlington, and every night visited Senators at their houses and rooms. Some queer stories are told about the check he displayed in visiting more than one Senator who was supporting the bill. Neither he nor Huntington squandered any money on the outside strikers during that contest. If it is true that Huntington charged up $600,000 for expenses in Washington, one thing is certain—very little of it was spent indirectly. But the story seems to me ridiculously absurd. If Huntington spent $600,000 on account of the Central Pacific, it is certain that he saw to it that Gould spent as much. You don't catch that shrewd Connecticut Yankee letting Jay Gould come it over him in that way at any game. Does anybody believe $1,200,000 could be spent in Washington by Huntington and Gould without accomplishing their purpose? That sum of money would be sufficient to buy at least two Congresses. It is true that Dick Irwin paid $600,000 for one, but he was neither a Gould nor a Huntington. There have been a great many clever stories written about ladies being employed by corporations to lobby for them. An imaginative correspondent wrote a picturesbue description of a wonderfully beautiful woman Jay Gould brought here to work on Senators. She was described as tall, sylph-like in form, a classic face, and a wealth of brown hair. She dressed in Worth's most exquisite costumes, and whenever she made her appearance in the ladies' gallery of the Senate she was the cynosure of all eyes. She daily held levees in the marble room of the Senate—doorkeepers and pages danced attendance upon her, and first one and then another Senator held seances with the mysterious lady. It was all fiction—every bit of it—except that a tall blonde woman was about the Senate side of the Capitol a great deal during

that session of Congress. She was not beautiful, and not even very attractive looking. I doubt whether Jay Gould ever saw her. You can see her almost any day on the streets of Washington, and I am sure no man of good taste would turn around to look after her as she passed him. She came here from Pennsylvania after having sojourned there for a time. Her birth-place wes a little village on the eastern shore of Maryland. I recollect another story about the wonderful doings of a Mrs. White in the lobby. It was all stuff. There was such a woman who came here, the widow of an ex-army officer, who had been appointed an Internal Revenue collector in one of the Southern States, and died, leaving his accounts in confusion. She managed to get a bill through Congress relieving his bondsmen and leaving her a small pittance in the final settlement. She afterward married Frank Brooks, who several years ago was a noted character about Washington. She was not much assistance to Frank—he didn't need any, being fully capable of managing the men he came in contact with. A Mrs. Mason, formerly residing here, had something to do with the sale of condemned arms by the Government to agents of the French Republic. It is said that she secured from Belknap the order for the sale of the first lot, but she made very little money out of it. The only time I ever heard of her making a big strike was in connection with the owner of the contract for printing bank notes to the Columbia Bank Note Company. But the scheme that Congress has to contend with this winter is the whisky in bond bill. Two years from January, 1884, tax on whisky now in bond to the amount of $72,000,000 will have to be paid if Congress does not interfere. The enforced payment, it is claimed, will break every distiller in the country and bring on a financial paaic. Several years since the whisky men formed a pool to rontrol the price of whisky, and to do that it was necessary to control production and keep all but a certain quantity off the market. Of course such a scheme contemplates also the control of Congress sooner or later. The last day of grace was July 6, 1884, on $26,000,000. A big pile of money.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ESCAPADES OF A WASHINGTON LAWYER.

BRADY AND DORSEY'S STRATAGEMS TO CALL OFF THE DOGS OF WAR—A STORY WITH A MORAL.

When the Star-route proceedings were first instituted against Brady, Dorsey & Co., one of the Government counsel was X, a dapper little lawyer, whose chief characteristics were a blowsy auburn wig and an inordinately bad breath. Brady & Co. saw that they were being slowly but surely drawn into the meshes of the law, when they boldly resolved to capture the aforesaid X, he of the wig and bad breath, and thus secure themselves against threatened conviction for robbing the Government. Inasmuch as the Government was paying X a handsome *per diem* they concluded that it would be impracticable to purchase him outright with star service gold, and so they resolved to resort to intrigue and stratagem. The aforesaid X had once been a shouting, howling Methodist, and, indeed, old Marylanders declare that a few decades ago he was an eloquent expounder of the scriptures, who could exclaim "amen," at the close of a felicitous prayer, with all the unction of the truly pious. Such were a few of the antecedents of this disciple of Blackstone, whose efforts for the Government, Brady & Co. resolved to neutralize. To that end they sent to Texas for a young woman, comely in appearance, and as bland as a child, to entertain and interest X during the most important era of the Government investigation of the Post Office Department records, prior to the trial of the Star-route cases. Our heroine registered at the leading Washington hotel, and after supplying her toilet with several needed articles she called at X's office all radiant with smiles. She represented herself as a Texan heiress, who possessed valid claims upon valuable properties in that State. So important was the matter involved that she was unwilling to entrust its management to local attorneys, but was desirous of securing the aid of a lawyer of National reputation, such as was embodied in the person of the distinguished X. It is needless to assert that X was highly complimented by the pretty speech of his fair client, and forthwith ordered a new wig and invested a few dollars in a huge paste headlight. At this juncture our wily heroine tendered X a retainer of $500

which had been given her for that purpose by the Star-route conspirators, but the gay old barrister spurned the offer, declaring his readiness to serve her without money, even esteeming it a great honor to have so beautiful a client. In response to her pressing invitation X visited her at her hotel parlor, and as intimacy grew on apace he made bold to view the inside of her chamber. Dorsey, Brady & Co. were delighted with the ruse. X spent all of his week days and Sundays with the bewitching blonde, and apparently his most foreign care was the preparation of the Star-route cases. The Government management of the Star-route cases at once began to languish, and the whole thing would have died out had not X been dropped as special counsel and Hon. R. C. Merrick employed in his stead, who infused new life into the cases and brought on the trial, the particulars of which are familiar to the public. But there is no denying the fact that she was the means of saving Brady & Co. In her bewitching way she extorted from X just the information the conspirators wanted and also furnished them copies of letters, and in two instances original documentary evidence, the possession of which enabled the Star-routers to snap their fingers in the face of justice, and emerge from the trial with a verdict of "not guilty." It was the possession of all the details of this scandal that prompted Attorney General Brewster to dismiss X and employ Merrick in his stead. So completely did this fair adventuress hoodwink X that she actually persuaded him to journey all the way to Texas, only to find on his arrival there how egregious an ass he was made by a sharp woman. He not only found out that she was a bold, bad woman, thoroughly adept in handling susceptible swains after the manner of himself, but he also learned that she was under indictment in the Lone Star State for blackmailing a minister of the gospel and for other violations of law. The pretty part of the story is that when X went to her native town in Texas and began making inquiry about her mythical possessions, the young bloods, cowboys, *et id omne genus* came to the conclusion that he was one of her confederates in crime, and had he not skipped the town between two suns the probability is that he would have been treated to a coat of tar and feathers. Our hero of the bar returned to Washington in anything but an enviable frame of mind, and for several days kept in se-

clusion. But the boys about the City Hall got wind of the outrageous manner in which X was undone by the Texan siren, and many were the sallies of wit that they got off at his expense. At first he threatened to have her arrested as a suspicious character, but she soon brought him to terms by declaring that she would "blow" on him through the newspapers. Meanwhile Brady and Dorsey, appreciating the delicate and successful service she had rendered them, obtained for her a clerkship in the Land Office, where she now serenely reposes, with no labor to perform save to sign the pay-rolls once a month, which she does with alacrity. I have refrained from mentioning her name because she is a woman, and because it is none of my province to make disclosures that would result in the purification of the Washington departments. Moreover she is no worse than hundreds of others who are kept in office by "peculiar" influence, but who do not possess the ability to "put up" as clever a job on a Government attorney as did our Texan heroine of the sunny tresses.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COLONELS, THE MAJAHS, AND THE JEDGES.

HOW THEY WHILE THE HAPPY HOURS AWAY.

Around the lobbies of the leading Washington hotels may daily be seen thirty or forty Majahs, Colonels and Jedges, who tell stale stories, and manage to eke out a miserable existence as the patrons of free lunch counters. Many of these gentry have seen better days—have occupied seats in Congress or upon the bench. When remanded to the shades of obscurity by their discerning constituents they managed to muster up energy enough to bring them to Washington, where they joined the vast throng who manage to live without work, ever watchful, Micawber like, for something to turn up. The devices resorted to by this class to get their meat and drink at somebody's expense, are very clever, and show that at some time they must have possessed minds far above mediocrity. We know one of this class who has resided here for twenty years, occupying a three story house in the West End; his children always well fed and comfortably clad, who has not done an honest day's work during that time. He is a veritable Mulberry Sellers, and it is a wet day that our hero is unable to make a million, in his mind, before breakfast. Meet him when you may, he is ready to unfold a mammoth scheme, with "millions in it." He is either interested in a newly discovered gold mine, or else he is to have a half-interest in a good claim which is certain to run the gauntlet of the Holmans at the next session of Congress. "In his mind," he organizes joint stock companies on paying gold mines, issues a half-million of stock, and armed with the worthless trash presents himself to some unhappy acquaintance whom he has bled on innumerable occasions, and asks a further loan of a trifle of a hundred or two. One of the aforesaid Jedges hails from Oregon, where he sat on the bench and was once balloted for for United States Senator. He is a good talker and an excellent drinker, and has never been known to fail to come to time when asked up to the bar to "take a smile." He was secretary of the Greeley National Campaign Committee, in 1872, and at the end of that, to him, disastrous campaign, he conceived the idea of getting up and working through, the claims of Texans against Mexico for houses burned,

cattle and horses stolen, etc. Through his agents in the Lone Star State he would learn of a case, say twenty years ago, a Texan had a cow and calf stolen by a marauding Mexicaa. By a course of reasoning, that if the cow had not been stolen her natural increase in twenty years would have been several hundred, he presented a series of claims amounting to $10,000,000. Between 1874 and 1880 he besieged Congress day in and day out, asking for legislation that would result in a treaty between the two countries, as a basis for getting his M ulberry Sellers' claims recognized and paid. In the meantime, our Oregon "Jedge" conceived the idea of disposing of a portion of his interests in these claims to whoever might be green enough to invest their money in the concern. To that end he visited New York and vainly endeavored to favorably impress capitalists with the value of his propositions. Finally he was approached by one Smith, a dead beat about the hotels, who represented that he was the authorized agent of a wealthy New York house who had deputed him to pay the Jedge $300,000 for one-fourth of his one-half interest in the aforesaid claims. Well do we remember the evening preceding the day on which the money was to be placed to the Jedge's credit at Riggs & Co.'s bank in Washington. Every loafer in Washington got wind of the affair, and gathered in all their rags and tags at the Ebbitt House. Scattered among the motley crew were a few well-dressed newspaper correspondents who had been duped into the belief that the Jedge was really about to "make a raise," expecting as they did to pocket a portion of the proceeds. Many were the air castles constructed that night as the old rounders drank their toddies, and like so many flies buzzed around the free lunch counters at Willards. Until a late hour the party remained and congratulated the Jedge on his expected good fortune as they guzzled down the drinks which a too confiding bar-keeper agreed to "set 'em up," wit h the expectation of being paid the next day by check on Riggs & Co. But on the following day, instead of the Jedge going over to the bank and drawing his money, he was forced to repair to the police court to try and recover possession of his claims, which it appears were stolen by the aforesaid character of the euphonious cognomen of Smith. Justice Snell, after hearing the evidence, remanded Smith to jail, where he ordered his close confinement un-

til he revealed the whereabouts of the stolen papers. Finally Smith delivered the papers to the court, where they now silently repose as evidence of the Jedge's misplaced confidence in human nature and the credulity of the Jedges, the Majahs and the Colonels, who expected often to wet their whistles at the expense of the effete Mexicans. Just step into Willards Hotel bar-room at lunch time and say "Mexican Claims," and dozens of red eyes will flash with indignation and disgust. Among the army of Jedges we must not omit to mention Jedge R., the gifted and eloquent gentleman from "Accomac." Few men in or out of public life possess the eloquence of the voluble Jedge. His words roll out with a consonance that Beecher or Talmage might envy. The Jedge is also a good drinker, and never fails to respond when invited up to the Captain's desk. The Jedge often gets off a good thing, as for instance: Immediately after the election of the colossal fraud, Calico Foster, to the Gubernatorial chair of Ohio, that sweet-scented ·· ss came on to Washington to receive the congratulations of the department clerks. On one occasion, in Auditor McGrew's office, when the room was filled with Ohio clerks, Jedge R. stepped in and addressed Foster as follows: "I congratulate you on your election, sah! There is but one man more pleased at the result than myself, sah, and that's yonrself, sau." In this connection we must not omit to inform the people of the various States what becomes of those ex-Congressmen for whom they have no further use and who have been turned out to grass by them. These gentry are all to be found about the Washington hotels. They eat at free lunch counters and cheap hash houses and pick their teeth in hotel lobbies, thus creating the impression that they board there. As a general rule, they buy their clothing with small sums of money given them by office girls whom they placed in office during their terms in Congress. Be it said to the credit of womanhood, that these poor girls are never ungrateful, and have often been known to pawn their clothing and divide their last dollar with the "influence" that secured them a place at the public crib. These fellows will all die in Washington, regarding it as they do as a safe harbor into which they may cast anchor after the storms have buffeted and beat them on life's shore. How happily doth the scriptures describe these characters when it declares that, where the carcass

is there will the eagles be gathered together. But probably the most interesting member of the society of the Colonels, the Majahs and the Jedges, is Colonel Boaster, who is distinguished for his classic features and flowing beard. He served in the Confederate army, and knows every man of prominence in the country; or, at least, he claims to know them. Mention any celebrity you may, and our Colonel knew him well—"often drank with him, by Gawd, sah." One day a facetious fellow asked him if he ever knew the Siamese twins, Eng and Cheng? "I have often drank with Cheng, but I am not sure that I ever met Eng," was the response. Colonel Boaster affects to be a shrewd politician, and is always to be seen about the Washington lobbies when any important election is about to occur. Especially is he interested in the biennial elections for Speaker of the National House of Representatives. Colonel Boaster has been on every side of every political question that has agitated the country for the past twenty years. When down among the Southern cane brakes he is a good enough Democrat for anybody, but when he strikes the latitude of Washington and mingles with the "truly loil" of the North he out-Herods Herod in his Stalwart Republicanism. In 1880 Colonel Boaster was one of those visiting statesmen who repaired to Indiana to help Dorsey save that State to the Republican party. Reader, if you want to hear John C. New and S. W. Dorsey swear like troopers, just mention the name of Colonel Boaster and his cornifferous friend, the aforesaid member of the Cameron-Conkling Combination.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOUTHERN WAR CLAIMS.

JUSTICE DEMANDS THAT THEY BE LIQUIDATED UPON AN EQUITABLE BASIS—THERE CAN BE NO LASTING AMITY BETWEEN THE SECTIONS UNTIL THIS IS DONE.

It is a notorious fact that thousands of influential men at the North have arrived at the conclusion that the time has come for the equitable settlement of the war claims at the South. They have reached this conclusion not as politicians, but as fair minded men, to whose sense of justice the idea of a robbed and despoiled South is repugnant. Twenty years have elapsed since the downfall of the Confederacy, and the decent people of the North will not be averse to the payment of these claims from the immense sums now lying in the general Treasury at Washington. No class of men know the great revulsion of feeling at the North with regard to these claims better than Southern statesmen; yet these gentlemen, for political reasons, will do all in their power to deter claimants from demanding their rights. As a rule, the men representing the South in Congress were not wealthy in ante-bellum days. They have but little at stake outside of their official tenures, and, all in all, they are not safe counselors on the subject of Southern claims, because *per se* they are interested more in politics than in the material prosperity of their constituents. The masses of the Southern people are as intelligent as are the denizens of any other section, and knowing their rights and equities they should not be slow to demand them in unmistakable terms. They know that the class of radical politicians who gloried in the devastation of the South are either in their graves or are living political *cadavers*, who have long since turned up their toes to the daisies, metaphorically speaking. Of the old crew who delighted in reviling and abusing the South but one remains in political life—John Sherman—and his questionable career while Secretary of the Treasury makes him indeed a small quantity in the political "make up." During the past year I have journeyed throughout all the States, North, East and West, where I conversed freely with editors, bankers, ministers of the gospel, merchants, manufacturers and farmers, and at least eighty per cent. of those to whom I broached the

subject of payment for Southern war losses declared themselves in favor of their liquidation by the general Government. Let us examine into the equities of the case. In Revolutionary times the brains and means of the young Republic were distinctively Southern. The able generals of the Continental armies were Southern men. Indeed the North furnished but one soldier of brilliant attainments and he was the traitor Benedict Arnold. It was Southern endurance and courage that moulded and matured American independence, and however mistaken that section may have been in inaugurating the late war, all the instincts of statesmanship, of equity and fair play, demand that she be reimbursed for every dollar of property destroyed or consumed by the Federal forces during the great struggle. Following up the equities in this case there is no reason why the public domain, or what is left of it by thieving monopolists, should not be devoted henceforth to the liquidation of Southern war losses. The Southern people should lose no time in preparing a complete schedule of their losses. When these schedules are prepared they should have annexed to them affidavits from good, reliable citizens describing the property burnt or stolen, and if possible furnish the names of the general officers commanding the troops who perpetrated the depredations. These schedules should be prepared in triplicate, one copy to be filed with the county clerk of the court in which the claimant resides, another should be sent to a Member of Congress in sympathy with the movement, with the admonition that he should spare no pains to press it to a successful termination. A copy should also be sent to some lawyer of National reputation at Washington— such as BELVA A. LOCKWOOD. who is on friendly terms with all political parties, and who is esteemed throughout the Nation for her sterling integrity and fine, abilities. Some politicians will say that these claims cannot be paid because their payment is interdicted by the Constitution Such a statement is false, and the men who make it know it to be false. True, the Constitution prohibits the payment for slaves or for debts contracted by the States in aid of the Confederacy, but in none of its unjust amendments does it interdict the payment for cattle, hogs, horses, sheep, grain, cotton, &c., destroyed or consumed, or for houses, barns, fencing, &c., wantonly destroyed. The most unjust and iniquitous cotton tax of 1864–'65–

'66 should also be embraced in these estimates. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that tax unconstitutional, and the millions of dollars forcibly taken from cotton producers by armed Federal minions now lies in the National vaults, the decision above referred to preventing its being "covered" into the Treasury. Many persons erroneonsly believe that it is impracticable to refund this money, because the rightful owners cannot be found. This opinion is false, because not only the books of the commission merchants in Southern cities but also the records of the Internal Revenue Bureau at Washington contains the names of every planter and farmer who was thus unjustly and unconstitutionally taxed. The American Republic is rich and powerful—quite too powerful to systematically become a party to wholesale spoliation and robbery. Take Sherman's campaign throughout. He delighted in burning and destroying all that came within the reach of his soldiers. With a wantoness unparalleled in either ancient or modern times he depopulated and burnt cities, laid waste towns and villages, and rendered desolate fertile plantations. In his *memoirs* he recounts with almost savage glee how he gave his men unbridled license to destroy all they could lay hands on, and dwells with apparent ecstacies over his destruction of Howell Cobb's possessions in Georgia Time ameliorates the asperities of war, and thousands of Northern people, who in their madness applauded the ruin which Sherman left behind him in his raids, now are ready to see the damage restored from the Nation's repleted Treasury. In demanding their rights in the premises the South will have the support and sympathy of fair-minded men everywhere. The same spirit which impelled Henry IV when, after the defeat of the Armed League, he rushed to the faont, crying: "*Spare my French subjects; hurt not a hair on their heads,*" now actuates the people of the North, or that portion of them who are willing to temper justice with mercy; and if Southern statesmen will but energetically throw their influence in the van there is no reason why the South should not be paid hundreds of millions of dollars, until the last Southern claim is liquidated. Let me say to the people of the South: Primarily, the first step is for claimants to schedule their losses, describing minutely the property taken or burnt, which, as before stated, should be supported by three or four affi-

davits. Once scheduled and filed away these claims become valuable, as, let the worst come, it is only a question of a few years at most before they will be paid dollar for dollar. To that end citizens in each Congressional district in that section should make the payment of these claims the issue above all other issues. If a Congressman says that he is afraid to push these claims, or if he thinks they are barred by constitutional inhibition, then wisely conclude that he is unworthy of your suffrages, and send some one else to represent you at the National Capital. In other words, let your representatives in Congress see that you are in earnest in your demands; let them know that you are assured that fair-minded Northern men are not averse to your reimbursement for your war losses, and then they will be ready to lay aside political considerations and secure you your just dues. The safety and perpetuity of the Republic can never be assured so long as one section feels that it has been impoverished by another by *brutum fulmen*. The South asks naught but equity, and lovers of equity everywhere will be rejoiced when the last vestige of sectionalism has been wiped out by a just settlement of the unprecedented war losses of that section.

Aside from the above considerations there are yet weightier ones which might be adduced to establish the practicability of the suggestions herein contained. The American people admire pluck, energy, and endurance. The prowess of Lee, Jackson, Hood, and scores of other Southern generals has challenged the admiration of all true Americans, becaase they were sons of the great Republic. It is common for Congress to appropriate large sums for the encouragement of expositions and to advance the material interests of the several States. The development of the arts and sciences has always found champions on the floors of Congress. What true American would cavil about the payment of a few hundred millions of dollars to satisfy equitable claims, where the recipients were those, or the heirs of those, who so gallantly followed the fortunes of Lee, Jackson, Johnson, and Hood? Such appropriations should rather be placed on the high ground of premiums on gallantry, endurance, and all those attributes which illustrate the superiority of the American soldiery above those of any nationality under the sun. Separated as we are from warlike Nations by the expanseless sea is no guarantee that

our Republic will never again be engaged in a foreign war. Wars are inevitable, and when again our Republic draws the sword the whole universe will wonder at the courage and patriotism of her soldiers, none of whom will merit higher admiration than the descendants of those who championed the "Lost Cause.' For this reason alone those who dominate National affairs should' and doubtless will consider it a high privilege to restore to the South a moiety at least of what she was so unnaturally and unjustly despoiled by the followers of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and nothing would do more to cement the Union.

CHAPTER IX.

OFFICE BROKERAGE.

THE DISREPUTABLE CREATURES WHO SECURE APPOINTMENTS FOR A MONETARY CONSIDERATION.

Among the loathsome fungi of official life in Washington are the scores of men and women who have managed to secure sufficient influence in the various Departments and the dependency thereof, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, to enable them to secure places for men and women who are able to pay $200 or less for the same. It is a common thing to see advertisements in the Washington papers, which read about as follows:

"$200 will be paid for a watchman's or laborer's position in one of the Departments. Address X. Y. Z., Republican office."

It is a notorious fact that there are men occupying high social positions in Washington who make it a business to secure appointments for a monetary consideration. These office brokers are by no means secret in their operations, as they are well known to all the employés of the Departments. The man who is said to have made $10,000 by this means in the Interior Department alone during the past three years is so well known to the clerks in that unsavory establishment that when he goes on his monthly tour of collection he is greeted with such cries as the following: "There goes the handsome colonel; pay him up, boys and girls, for he has it in his power to bounce you if you don't," etc.

If Secretary Teller did not know the nefarious business in which this Western sharper has been engaged, he must have been a veritable dolt, and as such was totally incompetent to occupy so important a trust.

Under Mr. Cleveland's administration the occupation of these Othellos will be gone, and they, too, will join the noble army of soreheads who will spend the next four years in denouncing Big-Foot Jones, Elkins, and R. R. R. Burchard. But it will occupy too much time to dwell at greater length upon these questionable characters, and the manner in which they have subsisted here for, lo!

these many years. I will turn from them to discuss the wives of prominent Radical officials who have made it a practice to have their house servants, coachmen, hostlers, and even chambermaids and cooks, carried on the rolls of the various Departments as messengers, sweepers, scrub women, &c. Many of the *exposés* were made in the columns of the Washington Gazette, and at least one Western United States Senator wishes a thousand times a day that they had never been made, as they destroyed whatever chances he may have had for receiving the Republican presidential nomination at Chicago in 1884. It is a common thing for the head men and "bosses" in the various Government workshops to also have their private work done by Government laborers, and on any fair day, in the vicinity of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, dozens of able-bodied negroes may be seen scouring front stoops and washing window-sashes, who should be at work for the Government, which pays them their wages.

It is unnecessary to name these "bosses" or the various statesmen who have by such means been engaged in putting money in their purses, for, now that a clean sweep will be made of the Radical ringsters, those employés who have been thus engaged will doubtless point the rascals out to the Democratic authorities, and thus make their own official tenures more secure by contributing toward ridding the public service of highly-paid officials who were too mean to pay for their own private work. There is an old fossil in the Treasury Department, chief of an important bureau, who actually has a $720-messenger whose sole duties are to rub his gouty feet and bring him copious draughts of Apollinaris water from a neighboring drug store. But the "bell-wether" among Washingington office brokers is a notorious Southern Radical politician, who has been hoggish enough to occupy every office in the gift of the negroes of his State during the carpet-bag *regime*. This fellow always operated through a notorious woman on —— street, with whose daughter he was on the most intimate terms. The appointments were always handed to the victims by this old creature, who sat in her gorgeously furnished parlor at the end of every month and received the "blood money" from them. If, from any cause, they failed to carry her her monthly stipend, she would report the delinquents to the aforesaid politician, who would hunt them up,

and plainly tell them that they "had better pacify Mrs. ———, as she demands their dismissal." Of course, the poor creatures would pawn something or borrow the money, and thus retain their positions. One of these victims once complained to Judge Rayner, late Solicitor of the Treasury, of the manner in which he was being "bled," and the noble old North Carolinian took him by the hand and carried him to the Secretary of the Department in which he worked, and ceased not until he made a thorough *exposé* of the scoundrel's avocation. The result of the interview was not known further than the fact that the poor darkey never gave up more of his wages to the old faded *blonde* on —— street.

I know a respectable Southern widow, who has seen better days, who, for the sake of employment, actually agreed to give one-half of her $1,000 salary to the aforesaid old "go-between." On the coldest days in winter I have seen her wending her way to her office clad in the thinnest raiment, because she could not maintain her children and dress comfortably on the little left her by the rapacious cormorants who gave her her appointment. There are doubtless hundreds of just such cases in the various Departments, and the Cabinet officers should issue a circular ordering such employés to cease giving such compensation to their so-called "influence," for many sensitive women will continue such payments, fearing that a refusal to do so might result in an exposure of the manner in which their appointments were originally conferred

CHAPTER X.

DESTRUCTION AND RECONSTRUCTION.

FACTS REGARDING THE ADMINISTRATIONS OF GOVERNORS JOHNSON, OF GEORGIA, AND PERRY AND SCOTT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

I have not the disposition or the space to devote more than a few pages to a theme which has, until recently, been of commanding interest throughout the country. The "carpet-bagger" had his day, and with the retirement of W. P. Kellogg to the shades of private life the last of them has disappeared from the public gaze. It would be most unjust to charge that all of the reconstruction governors were dishonorable men. In Georgia no man stood higher than Judge Johnson, of Columbus, who was appointed governor by Andrew Johnson in 1865. Under his administration Georgia made rapid strides out of the slough of despond into which Sherman's army had driven her. In South Carolina the name of Benjamin F. Perry has always been associated with all that is honorable, and it was his province to faithfully serve his native State as governor during the most critical period in her history. It may be of interest to relate how Andrew Johnson came to confer the gubernatorial honor upon Mr. Perry. Away back in the thirties Johnson was a tailor at Laurens Court-House, South Carolina. Mr. Perry was then a young attorney in Greenville. Young Johnson saw him several times and heard him argue cases before the courts. He afterwards watched Mr. Perry's career as a stalwart defender of the Union, and when, in 1865, it became necessary to appoint a provisional governor of that State the President conferred the exalted position upon Mr. Perry. Andrew Johnson was one of the most remarkable men of his day, and no abler pen in the country could write a more faithful history of his life and times than ex-Governor Perry. Another governor of South Carolina who has been most unjustly traduced is General Robert K. Scott, now residing in retirement at Napoleon, Ohio. In justice to General Scott it should be stated that he never went South in quest of office. As a brevet major-general his command was stationed in South Carolina at the close of a campaign in which he acquired many laurels, and which would have insured his promo-

tion to the command of an army had he been a West Pointer. Early in 1865, he was designated by President Johnson to superintend the distribution of supplies to the starving South Carolinians, white and black. In May the term of his designation expired, but on the personal appeal of leading Charlestonians, foremost among whom were the sons of the distinguished Robert Barnwell Rhett, President Johnson continued him at the head of that necessary adjunct of the Federal army. Such were the many excellencies of head and heart, displayed to the suffering poor, by General Scott that he soon became universally popular throughout the State. Out of his private means he paid the taxes due to the Orr government by many widows and orphans in Charleston. Hundreds of Carolinians who traced their genealogy to the best blood in England, and who were too proud to accept alms from the Government, had their necessities relieved in the most delicate manner by General Scott. It was indeed a most touching sight to witness the tender interest in the welfare of an unfortunate people that was displayed by the handsome and affable General Scott. He sunk the dashing general into the humanitarian, and for months exposed his life to a malaria more deadly than bullets in his efforts to restore the planters to their homes, from which they had refugeed early in 1862.

In 1868 the Reconstruction Convention met at Charleston and nominated General Scott for Governor. He at first dignifiedly declined the trust. Word came from Washington that the administration would be gratified if he would accept the nomination. The leading gentlemen of Charleston waited upon him and expressed the fear that, if he did not accept, some adventurer would be selected for the place. With the implied understanding that his administration would receive the support of all good citizens, General Scott agreed to accept the governorship. In less than six months after his inauguration he became the target of every vile sheet in the State. He represented an idea—the reconstruction of the South upon a Republican basis—and as such he had to be traduced and broken down. The records of the journals of the legislature will bear me out in the statement that not a corrupt scheme of legislation passed through that body that was not promptly vetoed by Governor Scott. How anomalous was his situation. Confront-

ing him on one side were the Bowens, Elliotts, Leslies, Moses, and other Republican corruptionists, bent upon spoliation and jobbery, and on the other hand were the Democratic leaders virtually encouraging the radical corruptionists, thus hoping to make South Carolina Republicanism odious. In the latter attempt they succeeded, but not until the finances of the State were irreparably impaired, necessitating the repudiation of the entire State debt.

I knew Governor Scott well, and was thoroughly posted on all of his efforts to give the people of South Carolina good government, and I unhesitatingly declare that had he been sustained in his efforts he would have given that State one of the best administrations she ever had.

I will state another fact well known to his friends. When he became Governor he had a large amount of money which he brought with him from Ohio. This sum he had to expend in the payment of the expenses of the legislature, because the credit of the State was so poor that no money could be raised in financial circles for that purpose. He continued to reside in Columbia until 1875, during which period he dispensed thousands of dollars to the suffering poor of both colors. His charity was as broad as the confines of the State, and the poor and needy never applied to him in vain. Here was a gentleman who risked his life as a general in restoring the Union, and who encountered the deadly malaria of the sea-coast in the interest of strangers, and who continued to live among them for years, dispensing his charities on every hand. And yet there are people in that State so degraded that they actually conspired to defeat the able and distinguished Colonel F. W. McMaster for Congress in 1884 because that gentleman once wrote a letter of sympathy to General Scott, couched in such language as might have been expected from one high-toned gentleman to another.

I had the pleasure of meeting General Scott at his Ohio home in 1884. He is still erect, ruddy, and prosperous, evincing naught but the utmost good-will for all of his old South Carolina acquaintances. He has an exalted estimate of many of her people, and is especially kind in his allusions to the Rhetts, McMasters, Hugers, Childses, and many others who always dealt justly by him. He is a general favorite at Napoleon among those who served in his com-

mand in the war. Poor Goldsmith must have had him in his mind's eye when he wrote:

"*His errors leaned to virtue's side.*"

I am glad that I knew General Scott. I am glad that my life has been spared to pay him this humble tribute. He is one of nature's noblemen; a gallant gentleman who never harbored an impure or dishonorable thought in his life. Perhaps it was meet that one having the honorable blood of the Scotts in his veins should be deputed to care for and protect the misled and misguided South Carolinians after the war. The State suffered badly enough because her best people refused to sustain him as against the machinations of the Bowens, Moses, and Whittemores, but how much worse she would have fared had General Scott never entered her confines, God alone knows. As governor he did the best he could, and now enjoys the blessing of a clear conscience. In conclusion, I will relate a couple of anecdotes, which I have never yet seen in print. In 1870 Mr. John J. Patterson was hurrying a bill of a questionable nature through the South Carolina Legislature. Of course a bill of that nature necessitated the liberal use of money. One "Daddy" Cain, a senator, having unsuccessfully demanded $3,000 as the price of his support of the measure, attacked it with great energy. For four hours did he open the vials of his wrath on the scheme. Finally Patterson sent one Tim Hurley to Cain with the message that he would pay him the $3,000. In the midst of his harangue Cain stopped, glanced up at the ceiling, and demurely said: "Mr. President, I have now said everything that can be adduced against that bill; I will now proceed to demonstrate what may be said in its favor." Whereupon Cain delivered a forcible argument in the interest of the measure which he had been opposing, and which the $3,000 bribe influenced him to support. In 1875 the supreme court of South Carolina consisted of a Jew of the name of Moses, a negro named Wright, and a Yankee called Willard. One day a New York Irishman stalked through the supreme court chamber and remarked to a by-stander: "And be gorrah, and did I iver expect to see such a sight—a Nagur, a Jew, and a Yankee on the supreme bench of the Palmetto State?"

CHAPTER XI.

THE LATE KENNETH RAYNER.

HOW AN HONORABLE GENTLEMAN WAS TREATED BY HIGH RADICAL OFFICIALS—A FEW ANECDOTES OF HIS LIFE.

One of the few men of integrity and honor who held high office under the Republican *regime* at Washington was the late illustrious Hon. Kenneth Rayner. The name of Kenneth Rayner has always been associated throughout the Union with all that was noble, elevated, and admirable. When but a young man he represented his district in Congress; indeed, I have heard him say that he was barely able to take the constitutional oath when he was first elected. He was a Whig and an ardent admirer and disciple of Henry Clay. He was once balloted for for United States Senator by the North Carolina Legislature, but, after a contest of nearly four months, he retired from the arena, although by the expenditure of but a few hundred dollars he might have been elected. When his manager reported that his election could be assured by the purchase of one vote, Mr. Rayner became indignant, declaring that he would not accept the high trust if secured in that way. Mr. Rayner was a member of the first congressional committee that visited the West Point Military Academy, on which occasion he made a speech so replete with practical wisdom that it was extensively published, and may now be found in the libraries of eminent soldiers. In 1856 a bolting convention of Whigs assembled in New York and nominated Commodore Stockton for President and Mr. Rayner for Vice-President, but the movement came to naught when Rayner denounced it, and declared his purpose to support the regular Whig nominee, Mr. Fillmore. During that canvass he made a series of able speeches in Pennsylvania, and more than one resident of the Quaker City has told me that had Rayner visited their State two weeks earlier he would have swept away the small majority by which Buchanan carried that State. I mention these details merely to show how prominent a man Mr. Rayner was. At the close of the war he was very poor, but remembered that he had many friends at the North, who cheerfully aided him in securing a lucrative office under President Andrew Johnson. When

Grant came in he continued him in office and he remained in position until his death in 1883. Up to the Hayes *regime* Judge Rayner was always treated with profound respect by all with whom he came in contact. But, as Solicitor of the Treasury, John Sherman soon determined that he should be shorn of all official authority. To that end Sherman resorted to every means in his power to degrade and belittle the noble North Carolinian simply because he was an honorable Southern gentleman—one who could not be used to corruptly forward Sherman's aspirations. Even the *small* attachés of the solicitor's office, such as Robinson, Elms, and others equally insignificant, were encouraged to persecute and annoy him.

Such was the official terrorism to which this patriot was subjected that for three years he was in daily expectation of a discharge from the service. Knowing that his integrity was inflexible, he was relieved from the responsibility of approving vouchers for money drawn on the Secret Service fund, thus leaving that prolific field to be cultivated by Sherman and his rapacious crew of hangers-on, with no Rayner to molest or make them afraid. Occasionally Mr. Rayner would lose his temper, when he forciby gave vent to expressions not in the least complimentary to Sherman and his henchmen. But the ambition of his life was to get on the Court of Claims bench. He had promises from Grant, Hayes, and Arthur, but each determined that he was too honest for the place, knowing, as they well did, that he would never consent to run any dubious *curves* for their henchmen.

Early in 1883, Judge Rayner sent for the writer and asked him to copy an elaborate attack on the Court of Claims, and especially on Judge David Davis, of Illinois, for the part he took in securing Rayner's defeat for a seat on that bench. I cheerfully complied, but the article was never printed, because the noble old man died soon after. About two weeks before his death he met the aforesaid fence-straddler, Davis, in the lobby of the National Hotel, when the following colloquy ensued: Rayner. Mr. Davis, did I ever do you a personal injury? Davis. Why, no, judge. Why do you ask such a question? Rayner. Mr. Davis, did you or did you not say to President Arthur that I was too old for the Court of Claims? Davis. Well, I believe I did say that, but really I did not mean that you should ever hear of it. Rayner. Well, Mr. Davis, let me say to

you, sir, that I may be a little older than you are, but I am young enough to whip you any day, and I notify you now that if I ever hear of your talking about me in that way again, sir, I will cut your ears off and nail them up on the wall.

The Illinois statesman trembled like an aspen, and it was as much as bystanders could do to deter Mr. Rayner from kicking him out into the street.

In 1878 one A. M. Soteldo made a most uncalled-for and unjust attack on Mr. Rayner, in a dirty sheet called the National Republican, which the judge promptly resented by chastising the offender on the Fifteenth-street entrance to the Treasury building. Judge Rayner's refusal to prostitute his position in the interest of fraudulent claimants was the cause of the lampoons which emanated against him from Soteldo's pen in the aforesaid disreputable sheet. I refer to the above incidents in the career of Mr. Rayner with a view to showing the *animi* and abuses to which an honorable public officer in Washington is always subjected. The fact that he enjoyed the confidence and respect of the best people in both sections was no protection from the assaults of the low and ignoble "ringsters" who held sway in and out of the Departments during the last six years of Mr. Rayner's official career. On one occasion I was in his office when a Philadelphian, under indictment by the United States court for smuggling Sea-Island cotton yarns, and who had for months been vainly endeavoring to effect a compromise with the Government, presented himself, armed with a letter of introduction from an eminent Washington banker. The letter expressed the hope that Mr. Rayner would "strain a point," and allow the smuggler to adjust his differences with the Government on as easy terms to him as possible. Mr. Rayner's face colored instantly, as he handed the man the letter, saying: "Tell Mr. R. that I shall take no more notice of his appeal than if it had come from his bootblack." The man hung his head and retired to the room of a high Treasury official who made a specialty of effecting compromises of that nature with the Government. But the gallant old man could not survive the assaults continually being made upon him by the cowardly curs of the Treasury. Constant irritation affected his brain, and he died, after a brief illness, in the same room in which his old leader, Clay, expired.

I cannot better close this article than by relating the following incident which I heard from Mr. Rayner's own lips. It appears that two disreputable women appeared at Henry Clay's room at his hotel one night, during his absence, when they got into a fight, pulling and tearing each other's ribbons and hair at the most furious rate. Mr. Clay became greatly alarmed lest the affair get into the columns of the leading Democratic paper at the capital. He therefore sent for his trusted lieutenant, Mr. Rayner, and asked what course of pursuance he would advise to suppress the matter. The latter told him not to be concerned in the least about the matter, as he would see that no mention would be made of it in the press. Mr. Rayner then wended his way to the newspaper office, and begged the reporters to make no allusion to the matter, which they readily promised. But to make assurance doubly sure he sat up until 11 o'clock, when the paper went to press. He then retired for the night. The next morning he called at Mr. Clay's room early with a copy of the paper to show that no mention had been made of the scandal. "I sat up until 11 o'clock to see that the fellows did not lie to me," said Mr. Rayner. "But what was the use in your sitting up so late?" said Mr. Clay. "If the article had been put in you could not have stopped it." "Yes, I could," rejoined Mr. Rayner; "I would have stood by that press and bought every paper they could print until it was time to go to press again."

I regarded it a rare privilege to know Kenneth Rayner. He was without guile, and he led a blameless public and private life. He stalked through the corruptions of Washington in the most corrupt of eras without even the semblance of smoke upon his garments. He has left for his posterity and hosts of admiring friends a good name, which the Scriptures tell us is more enviable than great riches.

CHAPTER XII.

ARTHUR'S ADMINISTRATION.

FATAL CONSEQUENCES TO THE REPUBLICAN PARTY OF NEW YORK WARD POLITICAL METHODS IN FEDERAL POLITICS.

The Republican party was well nigh stranded by Grant, but it completely succumbed after enduring three years of Arthur, supplemented by the blighting influences of Geo. Bliss, Ben. Brewster, *et id omne genus.* Arthur was scarcely warm in Garfield's seat before the White House became filled with the scurviest set of ringsters who ever afflicted New York politics. At the head of the disreputable crew was George Bliss, who never conceived a higher estimate of politics than the number of dollars he could make by methods peculiarly his own. For instance, the *star routers* had robbed the Government out of millions of dollars, yet Bliss, Brewster & Co. were smart enough to enter upon a vain investigation of the alleged thieves for the sole purpose of fleecing the Government. In a futile effort to convict Kellogg, Brady, and Dorsey they actually received from the Government hundreds of thousands of dollars. They thought that the *star routers* had been too modest, and so they went to work to pick up anything that might be found "lying around loose" in the Treasury. The scandals that grew out of the star route prosecutions were quite enough of themselves to kill the Republican party. Then there was the frilled and furbelowed Brewster, who soon made himself the laughing-stock of the nation. It was openly charged in the Washington papers that he was constantly in a maudlin state—more fitted to associate with debauchees than occupy the exalted position of chief law officer of a great nation. This man Brewster was a creature of Senator Don. Cameron, and no man to this day knows the motives which induced Cameron to recommend him for so responsible a trust. But Cameron is a brainless fellow, and perhaps he mistook Brewster's frills and panelled equipages for statesmanship of a high order. Certain it is, however, that the most potent auxiliary the Democratic party had in the late campaign was this unscrupulous and totally incompetent man (?) Brewster. No politi-

cal party could live under the blighting influences of Brewster, and he finally succeeded in contributing more than anybody else to the scuttling of the old ship. He will now retire to the shades of private life, and may daily be found, after the 4th of March proximo, at his old Philadelphia stand, pursuing the same sharp practices at the bar which have long since made him notorious as the "sharpest" lawyer in that city, famous the world over for the unscrupulousness of its barristers.

Next to Brewster, the most questionable character Arthur had in his Cabinet was the notorious Wm. E. Chandler, a man whose antecedents were so dubious that a Republican Senate declined to confirm him as Solicitor-General of the United States. There is no doubt that Chandler was the prince of jobbers. He thought he would feather his nest as Secretary of the Navy, but a Congress remarkable for its unscrupulousness refused to vote him a dollar, notwithstanding the assurances they received that there would be "money enough to divide out among all the boys." It was not surprising that the employés in the Navy Department should have "pushed through" fraudulent claims, when they reflected that at the head of their establishment was a man who always regarded the Government in the light of a fat goose ready to be plucked.

Folger, the head of the Treasury Department, was an *imbecile*, who knew no more about *finances* than he did about the mystic hieroglyphics that deck Palmyra's waste.

Another unique character in Arthur's Cabinet is the oily-tongued Teller. This gentleman has displayed peculiar regard for the Shakespearian admonition, and, if reports are true, has put a great deal of money in his purse. To illustrate the thriftiness of this man, I will relate the following incident that occurred in 1882. One day an influential gentleman was approached by a poor female clerk in the office of the First Comptroller of the Treasury, who complained that her pay was about to be reduced because, on account of sickness, she had been absent several hours during the month from her desk. The gentleman to whom she made this complaint told her that he felt sorry for her misfortunes, but that he could afford her no relief, because he supposed that her pay would be diminished in accordance with a general rule in the Treasury. The woman insisted that such was not the case, and

cited a number of clerks who frequently absented themselves for weeks and months without deduction from their salaries. She particularly cited the case of the sister of Secretary Teller's wife's brother, an inmate of that public functionary's house, who had been permitted through Teller's influence to be absent from her desk for the long period of eighteen months, during which time she regularly drew her pay.

The prominent gentleman above referred to was astonished, and lost no time in calling on Comptroller Knox, who sent for the record-books in his office with a view to ascertaining the truth or falsity of the woman's charge. Upon examination he found that the charge was true, and, furthermore, he stated that the privilege had been accorded the Teller kinswoman because of the commanding influence of Secretary Teller. Here was a Cabinet officer drawing a salary of $8,000, with innumerable political irons in a multiplicity of jobbery fires, who was so parsimonious and mean that he was actually a party to a Government clerkess drawing a $1,200 salary for eighteen months, during which time she rendered no service, save to sign the vouchers for her pay. Is it surprising that this man Teller should be reputed to be engaged in land and Indian jobbery, when he evinced the inordinate love of money which characterized his action in forcing the appointment clerk of the Treasury to pay his kinswoman for eighteen months, the money for which presumably went into Teller's pockets, as she was an inmate of his house?

Teller's disgraceful action in this matter was called to the attention of the then Postmaster-General, Howe, who denounced him in unmeasured terms, but expressed the hope that the matter would not get into the press, as "so contemptible a steal would be more damaging to Arthur's administration than the theft of a million of acres of land." Such are a few of the disgraceful antecedents of the man who contributed to the extent of his ability toward making Arthur's administration a stench in the nostrils of fair-minded people everywhere.

This picture of Teller is not overdrawn, and those persons who may have misgivings as to its truthfulness can have it corroborated by addressing Mr. John J. Knox, at present an eminent financier in New York city.

Frank Hatton! what shall I say of him? Oh, ye gods and little

fishes! was ever so small a *creature* elevated to so responsible a trust? Who but Arthur would ever have put such a fellow into a Cabinet? The fact is that in three short years Arthur succeeded admirably in disgracing the public service, and making trusts which had hitherto been regarded as honorable so degraded as to henceforth deter self-respecting men from occupying them.

But the history of the Chicago Republican Convention proved that Brewster, Chandler, and Hatton were appointed for a design, which was no more nor less than a purpose to have them buy Arthur's nomination for the Presidency. Hatton was on the floor of the Convention, and gentlemen present declare that he and the man Evans, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, actually publicly bought votes for Arthur among the Southern delegations.

Such disgraceful scenes were never before witnessed in a political or any other kind of a body. Hatton and Evans had blanks in their pockets, and they would fill them out unblushingly, thus conferring offices for votes for Arthur. They ate, slept, and drank with scurvy political ringsters of the "black-and-tan" order. The lobby of the Grand Pacific Hotel became noisy as the negro politicians would cry out, "Come up, Hatton and Evans, and take a drink," &c. Of course, Hatton and Evans had to go through the motion of drinking, for, eke ye, the average Southern political darkey puts on many airs when serving as a delegate to a National Convention, and he will brook no discourtesy, not even from an embryo Postmaster-General.

One of Arthur's tools at Chicago was one Howard Carroll, who wended his way among the Southern delegates, telling them that the last one of them would lose his office who voted against Arthur. As nearly all the Southern delegates were office-holders, it is easily accounted for how Arthur got as many votes as he did in the Chicago Convention. But the country is to be congratulated upon the fact that it has seen the last of the fastidious Arthur.

He was a veritable *accident*, who floated to the surface after a great civil commotion. He was the creature of Guiteau, whose crazed brain elevated him to the seat once honored by Washington, Jefferson, and Madison. He demeaned himself as President in a manner that might have been expected of one who acquired power at the muzzle of an assassin's pistol.

Farewell, Arthur, and if forever, *why, then, 'tis all the better.*

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AVERAGE CONGRESSMAN.

EPISODES AND FACTS REGARDING SOME OF THE MEN WHO SIT IN THE LEGISLATIVE HALLS OF THE NATION.

The position of a congressman is eminently a conspicuous and an honorable one. It is his province to speak and vote upon measures touching the material prosperity of sixty millions of people. The safety and welfare of the Republic are practically in his keeping. He votes to make war and declare peace. Not a dollar can be taken from the Treasury without his consent. He is in reality the custodian of the nation's strong box, and as such he is greatly sought after and patronized by all who are interested in the fine art of plucking the national goose. Turgot, the wisest of French financiers, once likened taxation to the art of plucking a goose without making it cry, and those congressmen who are discreet, and do not "pluck" too hard, are re-elected again and again until some of them succeed in serving a score of years in the national councils.

The average congressman is quite a different individual at home from what he "shows up" at Washington. The people of his district regard him as a sort of demi-god. He is honored there because he is the only congressman in that district, on the same principle that the small boys and girls of the nation honor and revere Jumbo, because, forsooth, there is but one Jumbo in America.

The average congressman has credit at home, and can purchase houses, lands, diamonds, or whatever he will with his promise to pay. Not so, however, in Washington, where the fact that an applicant for credit is a member of Congress rather militates against his chances for getting it.

There are over three hundred congressmen in Washington, and they are consequently as common as blackberries in June. The trades-people, from peanut venders up, pay no more attention to the average congressman than they would to a clerk in one of the Departments. Indeed a clerk can obtain credit from a merchant where a congressman cannot, for the simple reason that if the clerk

defaults in payment the head of his Department will force him to liquidate the debt or resign, while the congressman cannot even be sued during a session of Congress.

I knew a United States Senator who allowed a wine bill to remain unpaid for four years, which was only adjusted after the expiration of his term, and after his trunk had been attached. Dozens of congressmen change their residences every sixty or eighty days, as it is cheaper to move than to pay rent. But the gas companies, street railway lines, and all corporations which obtain their charters from Congress are forced to treat congressmen with great consideration. The Washington Gaslight Company, by its exorbitant charges, always manages to keep money enough in its coffers to accommodate the average congressman to a small loan. Many a congressman who would refuse a bribe direct will obtain a loan of $500 or $1,000 from a corporation for which no promise to pay is exacted. Of course the money is never refunded. To such an extent is this peculiar congressional "influence" carried that hundreds of boarding-house keepers in Washington never pay a cent for gas, because the gas company knows that they or their friends occasionally entertain congressmen. The average congressman, in consequence of his high rate of living, finds himself often financially stranded. If he has exhausted all the facilities he had for "bleeding" corporations he finally falls back on his appointees in the Departments, from each of whom he exacts from $20 to $50. When these resources are all exhausted he actually goes to a junk dealer and sells the congressional documents for waste paper which his confiding constituents at home are vainly longing for.

There are some men in Congress who are not Josephs in any sense of the term. How astonished would be their constituents did they know the *female* company their members of Congress keep. How the fellow-citizens of a certain western congressman would lament did they know that it is a common thing for their representative to be sent to the station-house by his wife, lest he take her life during one of his "sprees!" Another member has been picked up on the streets so drunk that he could not be taken home without scandalizing his family. At his wife's request, he is always lodged at a station-house until he sleeps off his debauch. An Eastern U. S. Senator was often seen staggering on Pennsylvania avenue,

to the amusement of all the small boys in the vicinity. A millionaire Senator from one of the middle States has been known to live on champagne for weeks, declining other nourishment save what he found in Mumm's best. When reduced to such a sad plight that life would be almost extinct his friends would sit up with him and resort to the well-known "tapering off" process. But of all the nauseating characters who visit Washington the *new* member from the *rural* district takes the cake. He arrives in Washington under the delusive impression that he is as *big* a man here as he is at home. He stalks and swaggers through the hotels and public buildings as if he were a Vanderbilt. He wears a gaudy necktie, with unpolished boots, and coughs and expectorates at a furious rate. He pulls out his handkerchief and blows his nasal adornment so loudly that one imagines himself in the presence of an Ohio river boatman with his noisy fog-horn. He stalks up to the hotel clerk at Willard's or the Riggs House and engages the best room, regardless of cost. At the end of the first week he is confronted by a bill for $100. Then his feathers droop like a wet barnyard fowl, and the next week we find him climbing two flights of stairs in a cheap boarding-house. After a residence in Washington of three months he becomes sensible of the fact that he is not an uncommon individual, entitled to no more consideration than Smith, Jones, or Brown.

Still there are some good, sensible men in Congress, a fact which the prosperity of the nation unquestionably attests.

CHAPTER XIV.

"MY DEAR HUBBELL."

A FEW FACTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE MAN OF WHOM GARFIELD INQUIRED, "HOW ARE BRADY AND THE DEPARTMENTS DOING?"

One of the most unique characters who figured at Washington during the past decade was Jay A. Hubbell, who represented a Michigan district in Congress, and was for four years president of the Republican Congressional Committee. It appears that Hubbell had the latter honor conferred upon him because he was the possessor of valuable copper mines on Lake Michigan, thus enabling him, in the event of a dire extremity, to draw his checks for amounts large enough to save doubtful congressional districts to the Republican party. Hubbell was a good enough fellow in his way, but his experience as the head of that committee conclusively demonstrated that he was totally incompetent of performing the delicate duties of a political manager, and the numerous blunders he committed more than once made him the laughing-stock of the nation. He soon fell a prey to every journalistic sharper at the capital, who "bled" him unmercifully. He was constantly placing himself in the power of adventurous Bohemians, who accepted his cash as "hush money."

Early in 1882 he employed one Bissell, the editor of a so-called Grand Army Journal, to "write up" and publish the political and moral delinquencies of Thos. W. Ferry, then a United States Senator from Michigan, and into whose shoes Hubbell was especially anxious to step. The aforesaid Bissell had long been a terror to weak-kneed officials. He was nominally a reporter on a Sunday paper, and having an aptitude for scandal-gathering, he succeeded in keeping many high officials on the ragged edge of despair lest he publish their moral shortcomings. For weeks and months during 1882 Bissell stalked through the Treasury corridors squirting tobacco juice on the marble floors and brandishing a huge hickory club, which he designated his "cane."

No less a personage than Secretary Windom was completely subdued by Bissell's threats, and the Chief of the Secret Service was

kept busy for weeks endeavoring to get up sufficient evidence to secure his arrest. What a commentary upon the Radical officials that for two years they permitted themselves to be terrorized by Bissell lest he publish facts which they knew would disgrace them!

But pardon my digression.

Bissell did the work so well that when his paper appeared the greatest consternation was produced in Radical circles. He boldly charged Ferry with every crime known to the moral and political decalogues. But he did not have prudence enough to conceal the fact that the article had been mainly dictated by Hubbell. This caused the latter great uneasiness, because he himself lived in a glass house of the most flimsy texture, and he knew not how soon Ferry's friends might turn their journalistic batteries upon it.

Hubbell spent a week of the most abject misery, shutting himself up in the seclusion of his residence, trembling all the while like an aspen. In the meantime the election for senator came off at Lansing, when Hubbell's methods in the senatorial canvass were investigated by a legislative committee. The result of the contest was that both Hubbell and Ferry were remanded to the shades of obscurity, the former to his copper mines, and the latter to his shingle piles.

It must have cost Hubbell at least $50,000 to defeat Ferry, a result which might have been accomplished by an experienced politician without the expenditure of a dollar.

Hubbell made himself the laughing-stock of Congress by a blunder that he made in 1881. One day he walked up to Mr. Turner, of Kentucky, a Democrat, and addressed him as follows:

Hubbell. "Really you must give me $100 this morning for Lee Crandall, the editor of a Greenback paper. He is rendering the Republican party good service, and we must raise him $2,000 before Saturday night."

Turner: "Lee Crandall, the devil. What in the deuce do I want to give him money for? My name is Turner, and I am a Democrat."

Hubbell vanished like he had been hit by a sledge-hammer, having discovered his mistake in approaching Turner for a Wisconsin member. Turner lost no time in giving the affair away to the reporters, and for weeks Hubbell would take to his heels when-

ever Lee Crandall's name was mentioned. But Crandall then found himself in a dilemma. His Greenback brethren grew jealous and suspicious lest he should sell out their organization to the Republican party. To set himself right he called a meeting of his party's leaders, and assured them that there was no truth in the story; that it was naught but a base conspiracy by the Radicals to ruin him; that he never spoke to Hubbell in his life, and would not know him from the man in the moon. I infer that Mr. Crandall satisfied his Greenback auditors that he was not in Hubbell's pay, because he still edits his party's organ at Washington.

"My dear Hubbell" still continued to raise money, however, and to afford liberal help to Crandall. Such was the fear that the fact would again get into print that he used the following precaution of communicating with Crandall. The affable Col. Cook was made the custodian for all moneys designed for Crandall. Cook would call on a leading publisher and hand him $1,000, requesting a receipt therefor. "What am I to do with it?" the publisher would ask. "Don't say a word," Cook would rejoin, his teeth chattering with emotion; "just give me a receipt and pocket the money." Meanwhile some one would go to Crandall and report that this publisher had money for him, which we may well suppose he lost no time in possessing himself of. In the event of a congressional investigation, Hubbell, Cook, the publisher, and Crandall would have been able to depose that Hubbell never sent any money to Crandall, and that Crandall never received any money from Hubbell. Such were the methods and characteristics of Hubbell and his contemporaries. He was anything but an apt imitator of his old master, Zach. Chandler. Had Chandler been alive he would have excoriated Hubbell unmercifully for his numerous blunders as the titular head of the Republican Committee, on the same principle that the Spartans flogged their youth who carelessly rung the bells in the arena, not because they attempted to extract the purse from the suspended garment, but because they were so clumsy as to tingle the tintinnabulum. Certain it was that Hubbell never appeared at his best unless he gave the alarm by tingling all the bells with which he came in contact. But I am unequal to the emergency of adequately portraying Hubbell and his various political makeshifts.

He was a machine politician of the most dubious type. He despised the canting political hypocrite, and was a thorough exponent of the theory that to the victors belong the spoils. In after years other Hubbells will be found to bleed Department clerks and other Government officials; but it is to be hoped that they will be too discreet to repose confidence in Washington Bohemians, and to ask a member of the opposition party for $100 to help along the editor of a Greenback, or any other kind of a newspaper.

CHAPTER XV.

SO-CALLED CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The howling, monumental fraud of the age is the civil service reform law, as executed by the so-called civil service commissioners. The whole system is predicated upon hypocrisy and subterfuge, and is a disgrace to the Federal statutes. The man who is responsible for the law was a sham of such glaring transparency that a discerning constituency wisely remanded him to the shades of private life. The fallacy of the system is manifest when it is remembered that only the clerks drawing salaries of from $900 to $1,800 are included within its limits. The very men, above all others, who should not be examined (the clerks whose labors show *prima facially* whether or not they are competent) are subjected to examinations, while the chiefs of bureaus, their deputies, and chief clerks, and the throng of chiefs of divisions, postmasters, collectors of customs and internal revenue, with their chief clerks and deputies, are not subjected to examinations, and who, as a rule, are as ignorant as Kentucky mules. Therein lies the fallacy of the whole system. I know auditors, deputy auditors, chief clerks, and chiefs of divisions, who are placed at the head of intelligent clerks, and who are too pass upon the qualifications of those under them, that are so illiterate that they cannot write a dozen lines grammatically. Yet these ignoramuses draw large salaries, affect to be wise by keeping their mouths shut, and generally succeed in making themselves the laughing-stock of all with whom they come in contact. The fact is that the foregoing favored classes are political "strikers," and have for that reason been favored by a most unjust and invidious law. To place a competent set of clerks under such ignoramuses is as anomalous as it would be to send a valuable cargo to sea under well-trained sailors, with a "land-lubber" captain and master's mate. But what shall I say about the average postmaster of the country? He is the quintescence of ignorance. He may understand the art of "silence," but certain it is that he has never mastered the first principles of "addition" and "division." The weekly statements of the accounts which they send in to the Department are the embodiment of ignorance. About one statement

in one hundred is correct in spelling and numerical computation. It is common for them to write "too" for two, and "foar" for four. One fellow actually addressed his letter to the "Sixth Orditor." Another fellow wrote "Frank Hatting" for the name of Arthur's dapper little Postmaster-General. There are 60,000 of these ignoramuses scattered throughout the States, yet no orator on the floor of Congress, or no newspaper, has had the temerity to expose their asininity, simply because they might be able to defeat the election of a congressman or impair the circulation of a so-called organ. Perhaps no newspaper in the country has howled more lustily for "reform" in the civil service than the notorious New York Tribune, yet that paper has never had the courage to demand that a more intelligent set of men be placed in charge of the nation's post-offices. Then there is the money-order system of the Post-office Department. This large business is under the superintendency of a Scotchman of the name of MacDonald. This man may not have the wisdom of a Solomon, but he is sensible enough to know that at least nineteen-twentieths of the postmasters of the country should be instantly decapitated for "cause," the "cause" being their superlative ignorance. MacDonald has a troop of special agents of the money-order system under his control, who travel hither and thither, under the special direction of an Arkansas carpet-bagger of the name of M. La Rue Harrison. The pruning-knife of reform cannot be too soon applied to these "leeches" and their arrogant chiefs, the aforesaid MacDonald and Harrison.

I might dwell at great length upon this prolific theme, but why discuss a matter so manifest to an intelligent public? The last one of the "fossils" drawing large salaries should be made to "walk the plank." The people, at the polls, have declared that the rascals must go. Honest men, who rendered the Democratic party good and faithful service, and who are "faithful," "competent," and "honest," want their places. Let members of Congress refuse to pass appropriations for the civil service commissioners, thus permitting the bottom to drop out of the ignoble concern. Eaton & Co. have too good a thing of it to be permitted to longer remain where they are. They are naught but barriers in the way of worthy men getting office. "To the victors belong the spoils," and no

political party can exist which refuses to reward its followers. Those Government clerks who for years have been drawing large salaries should be dismissed, and their places given to others, who have waited, watched, and prayed for Democratic success. Curtis, Schurz & Co. may howl themselves hoarse in the interest of their pet tenets, but the sober-headed Democratic leaders will not rest satisfied until they have given an indefinite leave of absence to those who have so long fed at the public crib. There is, or should be, no aristocratic class in this country. It was never so designed by the founders of the Republic. An office-holding class is, *per se*, an aristocratic class, and should be eliminated as a danger and a menace to our beneficent system. Mr. Cleveland need not attempt to run with the "Mugwump" hound and the Democratic hare. In the end he would certainly find himself stranded high on the rock of failure. Let him give Schurz & Co. a gentle hint that their counsels are not desirable, and then shape and pursue a course in keeping with the wishes of the masses who elevated him to the Presidency for the sole purpose of purifying the public service. Charles A. Dana's admonition, "*Turn the rascals out*," should be so posted in the White House that wherever Mr. Cleveland goes his vision can rest upon it. Not to obey that timely injunction will be to invite and merit Democratic disaster in 1888.

CHAPTER XVI.

DUDLEY AND CALKINS.

THE INSIDE HISTORY OF THE GUBERNATORIAL CONTEST IN INDIANA IN 1884.

The unpleasantness existing between the Montagues and Capulets in ancient Verona did not begin to equal in asperity the differences lately existing between those Hoosier statesmen, Calkins and Dudley. Each of these embryo statesmen believed that Indiana politics would go to the demnition pow-wows unless he was selected to bear aloft the gubernatorial standard in 1884. To that end they entered the arena early and desperately, each determined to defeat the other, regardless of the means employed. Dudley was confident that he had the "inside track," and, to make assurance doubly sure, he journeyed all the way to Augusta, Me., where he conferred with the "plumed knight," whose distinctive candidate he considered himself. It is known that Mr. Blaine favored Dudley's nomination, and he covertly aided him to the extent of his ability, always being guarded not to let his preference be generally known. Blaine felt that Dudley's strength consisted in his having lost a leg in the war, and he believed that as the gubernatorial nominee he would catch many Democratic soldiers' votes. It was a stunning surprise to Mr. Blaine when Calkins received the nomination, and from that hour he had no hope of carrying Indiana in the then approaching national contest. In April, 1884, Dudley played his last and his strongest card when he attempted to enlist the influence of the negro politicians in his behalf, because of the fact that Calkins, as chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections in the House, had opposed the seating of the contestants Lee and Smalls, of South Carolina, in the Forty-seventh Congress. Dudley was daily closeted with Lee and politicians of the black-and-tan order, vainly endeavoring to devise means for Calkins' defeat. Dudley's plan of procedure was to have the colored politicians protest against the nomination of Calkins, and threaten that they would influence their race to "knife him" if he attempted to run. To that end he employed the services of a

Washington journalist to make a savage attack on Calkins in the New York Globe, charging him explicitly with having wantonly deprived Lee of his seat in Congress, and with doing all he could to deny admission to Smalls. Through Dudley's instrumentality the article in the Globe was republished in all the Indiana papers friendly to his interests, but it was of no avail, as Calkins defeated him in the convention nearly two to one. Defeated in his pet ambition, Dudley retired to his tent, Achilles like, and no one has had the temerity to charge that he did not do all in his power to defeat his party in Indiana at least. He would have liked to see Blaine carry that State, but, knowing that Blaine's success would mean that of his rival also, he prudently refrained from aiding the G. O. P. in any respect. It is an open secret in Washington that negro politicians employed in the Pension Office were principally engaged, weeks before the election, in writing letters to the negroes in Indiana, urging them to vote against Calkins. How effective those letters were may be inferred from the fact that Calkins only received about 40 per cent. of the negro vote throughout the State.

Mr. Vice-President-Elect Hendricks and those Democratic gentlemen who reaped a political harvest in Indiana in 1884 should not omit to tender their warmest thanks to Colonel Dudley for the splendid indirect service he rendered in securing a Democratic victory in the Hoosier State. Dudley and Calkins both belong to the the rule-or-ruin class, and they contributed their mite toward giving the G. O. P. a respite from the domination of national affairs. As a matter of fact, Indiana is noted for the selfishness of its politicians. Tom Browne, now representing that State in Congress, is a fine type of Hoosier ingratitude. In 1878 he defeated Judge Holman for Congress through the efforts of a Washington journalist, but Browne never even had the decency to thank him for the service rendered. "To sum them up," as the lawyers say, Hoosierdom can boast of as uncouth and ignorant a set of men in Congress of the Republican persuasion as any State in the Union. They are always engaged in turmoil and strife with each other, illustrating most happily in the contest of 1884 the truth of the old saw, that where knaves fall out honest men come by their dues.

CHAPTER XVII.

OFFICIAL PATRONAGE.

HOW IT HAS BEEN DISPENSED IN THE SEVERAL DEPARTMENTS AND BUREAUS AT THE FEDERAL CAPITAL.

The Jeffersonian prerequisite for holding office, to wit: "Is he competent, is he faithful, is he honest," has long since been consigned to where Shakespeare does physic, "*to the dogs.*" Ever since Jim Buchanan's time, at least, merit has counted for naught, and offices have been bestowed for political service, past and prospective, but principally "prospective." To such an extent had the system of rewarding party service been carried under Grant's administration, that the habit of employing spies in the Departments to report upon the political status of clerks and other employés was resorted to, and every man and woman who was suspected of sympathizing with the Democracy were summarily "bounced," and their places conferred upon those who had potent Republican congressional influence.

At the head of these spies was an old man named Edmonds, for a long time postmaster of Washington city, and a person of the name of John Stiles, who hailed from one of the British Provinces in North America. These men were especially desirous of ridding the Departmental service of Southern appointees, whom they regarded *prima facially* as Democrats. Young men and women who had joined the Republican party at the beginning of the reconstruction era, and had rendered faithful party service, thus incurring the bitter hostility of Southern Democrats, found themselves between the upper and nether stones of oppression as they were forced to withstand the assaults of Edmonds, Stiles & Co., supplemented by the efforts of Lamar, Hampton, Gordon & Co. to secure their dismissal from the public service. Between 1874 and 1877 no Southern man or woman felt safe in the Departments, and dozens of them were dismissed the service for no cause save that they were from the South. This rule did not apply to distinguished ex-rebels, for Grant persisted in holding Longstreet, McLaws, and Mosby in prominent positions in their respective States, on the ground that they were his personal friends. One of the "strikers"

employed by Edmonds and Stiles to ferret out Democrats in the Departments was an unprincipled adventurer of the name of Rockafellow, one of the carpet-bag genus who had alighted upon the soil of Georgia after the smoke of battle had cleared away. This scamp soon came to grief, as he attempted to levy blackmail upon his victims, which resulted in his arrest and subsequent flight from Washington.

After Rockafellow's flight his place was taken by another blatherskite from Georgia, of the euphonious cognomen of "Skowhegan Bryant." But when Hayes entered the White House these scurvy characters were all remanded to the shades of private life, and the poor Southern employes were permitted to live in peace. Edmonds was dismissed from the City Post-office, and Stiles was relegated to the shades of Nova Scotia, there to ruminate upon the insecurity of official life. If a correct roster of the Departments and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing was prepared, it would be seen that nearly all the lewd women in those establishments were appointed on the "influence" of leading newspaper men. These journalistic Blue Beards have long held undisputed sway as blackmailers at the Federal Capital. They represent so-called leading metropolitan journals, and by open threats of attacking public officials they succeed in foisting all the disreputable women they see fit into the best places in the Departments. Some of these *whited sepulchres* have pews in fashionable churches, and ride in fine carriages, attending all the society gatherings, but their nights are often spent in the lowest haunts of vice. When these lines come to their notice the guilty scamps may easily be pointed out by the venomous attacks which they will make through their journals upon our author. President Cleveland should lose no time in applying a bran-new broom to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, as the officers in charge of that establishment have prostituted their high trust in the interest of libidinous newspaper men to a greater extent than any other officials at the Federal Capital. The man Sullivan, practically the head of that unsavory caravansary, is generally disliked by those under him, because of his tyrannical treatment of them. While he fawns upon those possessing influance, he frowns upon all who are not supported by a priest or a congressman.

If the administration is desirous of informing itself as to the thoroughly disreputable antecedents of many high officials, let it send to Erie, Pa., for Col. Simon Bolivar Benson, an ex-chief of the Secret Service Division, who is thoroughly posted on all "the ways that are dark" that have so largely contributed to make Washington the moral pest-house of the nation.

The subject is so varied and the facts so numerous that I dare not trust my pen to recount them, but I turn the "moral lepers in the Washington Departments over to the tender mercies of Col. Benson and others, who will doubtless be on hand to aid in the purification of the public service.

It was meet that there should be a change in the administration. The Republican party was unequal to the emergency of purifying the public service, and purging itself of the scoundrels who strode as confidently upon its prostrate form as did the old man of the sea upon the back of Sinbad the Sailor. The vampires have, for lo these twenty-four years, been bleeding the nation, and faring sumptuously every day at the Federal feed trough. It is now quite time that they should be given a period of repose, and permit their places to be filled by a hungrier, but less dishonest set. Some of these fellows will howl piteously and swear that their places cannot be filled; that they are experts in their line, and moreover that they have always been good Democrats. Of this class the most illustrious exemplar will be Henry A. Lockwood, Deputy Commissioner of Customs, who is reputed to be rich, and if he was not a veritable leech he would have the decency to retire of his own volition, without necessitating the application of the toe of a stiff Executive boot to his west end. But I opine that Mr. Cleveland will not need incentives to induce him to purify the public service, as it is manifest that the Nation expects him to do his whole duty in cleaning out the Augean stables at the Federal Capital.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"LO! THE POOR INDIANS."

HOW THEY HAVE BEEN ROBBED BY RASCALLY AGENTS AND HIGH OFFICIALS.

The treatment of the American Indians by the army of scoundrels and thieves who have waxed rich by peculations upon moneys appropriated for their amelioration is a disgrace to the age, and loudly calls for redress by Mr. Cleveland's administration. The whited sepulchres who have been at the head of Indian affairs very soon reduced the art of robbing poor Lo down to perfection. It really appears that, for many years, those in charge of the interests of these simple children of the forest considered it their duty to place over them the most expert and unscrupulous thieves that Yankeedom could produce. On the theory that "the best Indian is the dead Indian," the ignoble army of Indian agents have despoiled them of all they could lay hands on. Who knows but that the Great Ruler of the Universe at last heard the silent prayers of these simple children of nature, and determined to hurl from power the Illiad of their woes—the Radical party? It is surprising when we contemplate the number and prominence of the apologists and defenders of these thieving Indian agents. Some of them claim to be religionists, and will unblushingly tell you that the Indian receives no worse treatment than he deserves; that he has misapplied the talents given him by the Great Father, and in consequence thereof he should be robbed of the little that he hath. Not a thieving agent, or a dishonest Secretary of the Department of the Interior, or an unscrupulous land robber, but who salves over his seared conscience by comparing the poor Indian to the unfaithful steward so graphically described in the parable.

In 1856 the hope of the Democratic party lay in a divided opposition. Dick Thompson was a leader of the recalcitrant faction that supported Fillmore, and thus made sure the defeat of Fremont and the election of Buchanan. Indiana was then, as now, a close State. The Democratic leaders bargained with Thompson to put a Fillmore electoral ticket in the field in Indiana. He did it, and

Buck and Breck. carried the State by a plurality. The Republicans knew that Dick Thompson had been bought, but did not dream that the poor Indians were to be compelled to pay the price of his treason to the party of freedom and justice. Thompson had a bogus claim, for pretended services as attorney, against the Menominee Indians. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Hon. Geo. W. Manypenny, a Democrat, had investigated this claim and had found it to be fraudulent. The Menominees said Thompson had never been their attorney, but had been attorney against them, and had helped certain parties to cheat them out of a large sum. The Commissioner therefore refused to endorse the claim of Thompson, but recommended that it be not allowed. Just four weeks, to a day, after Buchanan took his seat as President, Thompson got from the United States Treasury $43,000 of money held in trust for the Menominee Indians. This money was paid to him by Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, on the opinion of Jeremiah Black, Attorney-General, without the consent or knowledge of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Col. Manypenny had been continued in office as Commissioner up to this time, but on learning of this infamous outrage upon the Menominees, and gross insult to him as the head of the Indian Bureau, he at once sent his resignation to the President, accompanied by a letter in which he characterized the swindle in proper terms. This letter was published in the daily papers, and Thompson, feeling that he must make a show of resenting the terrible charge against himself, had Manypenny arrested for malicious libel. He did not prosecute the case, but let it go out of court by default. This is the same Thompson who was Secretary of the Navy under Hayes. He is a good specimen of the latter-day Republican politicians, most of whom opposed the party in its infancy, and only came into it to divide the spoils after it had achieved success, despite their opposition, through the honest efforts of self-sacrificing men.

GRANT'S QUAKER POLICY—WHY IT FAILED.

The Quakers have always been friends of the Indians. William Penn set the example of treating them kindly and justly, and his policy proved successful; so the Quakers as a sect have ever since maintained that if the Indians were treated justly Indian wars

would cease, and the Indians become civilized. On becoming President, Grant resolved to turn the Indians over to the Quakers and let them manage them. This policy was violently opposed by the scoundrels who had been so long engaged in robbing the Indians, and by the politicians who had farmed out the various offices in the Indian service to their political strikers. The other religious sects also objected. They demanded a division of the offices. A compromise was the result, and the Quaker policy did not get a fair trial. Its partial adoption was a great improvement, as is proven by the progress of the Indians toward civilization during the years from 1869 to the date of its abandonment, in 1881. When Arthur became President, Teller, Secretary of the Interior, and Price, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Quaker policy was wholly repudiated, and the old corrupt system re-inaugurated. The Indian ring at once came to the fore and resumed the business of dictating all appointments in the Indian service. Under the new-old *regime* all the Indian inspectors and nine-tenths of the Indian agents appointed by former administrations have been removed from office, and the few agents who have been retained are the corrupt scoundrels who had crept in through false pretences, and have been kept in because they are in the ring.

V. T. McGillycuddy, agent at Pine Ridge, Dakota, is a fair speci men of this class. He was appointed in 1879, on the recommendation of Commissioner E. A. Haight, of odorous memory. The Indians at Pine Ridge, Red Cloud's people, are entitled by treaty to $570,000 a year, in money, provisions, clothing, &c. The agent handles this vast sum. McGillycuddy had not been agent a year when the Indians began to charge him with robbing them. This was during the campaign of '80, and no attention was paid to it. After election the charge was renewed. In the winter of '81 Red Cloud came to Washington and laid his charges before the Secretary, personally and confidentially, asking that an inspector be sent to investigate the agent. He said: "The agent the Great Father sent to distribute our provisions and clothing to us is robbing us of them and selling them to the traders, who sell them back to us at big prices." Red Cloud's charges were not investigated, but on his return home the agent issued an order for his arrest. This would have cost McGillycuddy his life if Red Cloud had not controlled

his warriors and borne his persecutions like a martyr. In August, 1882, a petition from Pine Ridge, signed by the leading Indians and a large number of the employés of the agency, asking for an inspector, was received at the office of the Secretary of the Interior. Fortunately Teller was absent, and Assistant Secretary Joslin, being in charge, ordered Inspector Pollock to proceed at once to Pine Ridge. Joslin had been in office but a short time and had not been properly coached. Pollock found that McGillycuddy was stealing by wholesale and retail. When he found that Pollock had the proof of his guilt, McGillycuddy submitted a written confession and threw himself upon the mercy of the inspector. Pollock suspended him from office, and reported to the Department. Teller, having returned to his post, at once suspended Pollock from office and restored McGillycuddy. When McGillycuddy's term of office expired in 1883, Teller re-appointed him, and he is still robbing Red Cloud and his people to the tune of from $100,000 to $200,000 a year.

By authority of Teller he removed from office and the reservation every white man and woman who had signed the petition for his investigation, or who testified against him, and supplied their places with a set of scalawags whom he could use.

In June, 1884, Dr. T. A. Bland, editor of the Council Fire, published at Washington as the organ of the Quaker policy, was invited by Chief Red Cloud to visit him and advise with him and his people about the proposed division and reduction of their reservation. Dr. Bland had published Pollock's report, letters from Red Cloud and other Indians, &c., thus making thorough *exposé* of McGillycuddy; hence he thought it best to arm himself with an official letter from Secretary Teller to Agent McGillycuddy before visiting Pine Ridge agency. Teller tried to dissuade the doctor from going, but finding him determined he reluctantly gave him a letter of authority to do so, in which he instructed the agent to afford him every opportunity to visit and confer with the Indians. Immediately on his arrival at the agency he was arrested by the chief of the Indian police, acting under orders from the agent. Doctor Bland handed his letter from the Secretary to the agent, who contemptuously refused to obey it, but at once ordered the chief of police to take an armed force of six men and forcibly remove the doctor from the reservation. He was taken across the

line into the State of Nebraska, seven miles from the agency, and left there. On learning of this high-handed act the Indians were very indignant, and the war chief, Fire Lightning, proposed to muster his warriors at once and avenge the insult to their friend by killing the agent and all his corrupt crew of employés and policemen. But Red Cloud advised against any act of war until a delegation could be sent to find Dr. Bland and get his views of the matter. This counsel prevailed, and Spotted Elk, Fraid of Eagle, and Iron Bearer were sent to find the doctor. They found him at a ranch a short distance from where the police left him. He advised against any act of retaliation on the ground that the agent's action, being an insult to the Secretary, as well as gross violation of the law, would surely result in his removal from office. This prevented an outbreak and saved McGillycuddy's life. Dr. Bland remained at Ganow's ranch ten days, in daily conference with Red Cloud and his sub-chiefs, who visited him at will in defiance of the authority of the agent. He interviewed the leading white men residing in the vicinity of the reservation, who, without exception, confirmed the charges made by the Indians and Inspector Pollock against McGillycuddy. When he completed his investigation of the agent, and his talks with the Indians about their relations to the Government, the chief sent a force of forty warriors, armed with breech-loading rifles, to escort him across the reservation to the railroad, 150 miles. On his return to Washington he submitted a full report of his observations and experience to Secretary Teller; at the Secretary's request he filed his report in writing. This report was thrust into a pigeon-hole, presumably, with the report of Inspector Pollock, and McGillycuddy was allowed to continue in his career of official robbery. The Indians, and a good many whites, believe that McGillycuddy keeps himself in office by dividing with somebody. The reader is at liberty to share with the author the privilege of guessing who that somebody is.

These two are but samples of many cases that could be given did space permit. Is it any wonder that poor Lo does not take more kindly to our methods of civilizing him?

CHAPTER XIX.

PAWN AND CURBSTONE BROKERS.

THE DISREPUTABLE CREW WHO FEED UPON THE NECESSITIES OF THE POOR AND NEEDY.

The famous man of the land of Uz who furnishes us with so beautiful a specimen of Hebrew poetry must have had the average Washington pawn and curbstone broker in his mind's eye when he so eloquently denounced the rapacious cormorants of his day "who took the widow's ox for a pledge."

Of all the villainous characters who now afflict Washington city the aforesaid gentry are in the lead. With depraved hearts, and consciences seared by long acquaintance with poverty in its direst forms, these creatures sit behind their desks demanding, Shylock like, the last pound of flesh. Their victims are the unfortunate of both sexes who have to raise a little money to keep the wolf away, or those Department clerks who have lived beyond their means and have to borrow money to pay the butcher, the baker, and the cabinet maker. Let me say to the average Department clerk that he is a fool if he continues to pay 24 per cent. per annum or upwards for the use of money. Some of the sharks, yclept bankers, are in the habit of deducting 2 per cent. from the face of a note, and when the victim calls to take it up on maturity, he is confronted with an additional charge of one per cent. Other brokers, who do not enjoy the dignity of standing behind so-called bank counters, but who forage around on the outside, are prone to charge from 5 to 10 per cent. per month, or from 60 to 120 per cent. per annum. An old petrified specimen of humanity, who has grown grey and decrepit in the business of shaving the Department lambs, will never discount a paper for less than 10 per cent. off. I knew of a case where a poor clerk actually paid $500 interest for the use of $100 for five years. At first glance this charge may look dubious, but there are doubtless many well-authenticated cases of a similar nature in all of the Departments. The average Government clerk must be an ignoramus if he does not know that there is a section in the Revised Statutes of the District of Columbia making it a mis-

demeanor for any person to charge more than 10 per cent. per annum for the use of money; and the law expressly provides that, in a suit before any justice of the peace, the whole amount of interest paid, when in such excess, may be recovered from the defendant. They should very positively refuse to be further bled, and should lose no time in having a settlement with the "sharks" with whom they deal. When the exorbitant interest they have been paying, in excess of the legal rate of 10 per cent. per annum, is deducted from the principal, they will discover that the Shylocks are in debt to them, and not they to the Shylocks.

These brokers will try to make the Government clerks believe that their chances for holding office under Cleveland's administration will be augmented if no clamorous creditors annoy the Departments to their injury. Such a pretence is manifestly absurd. On the other hand, those clerks who have been known to patronize the money-leeches will be in imminent danger of decapitation. The average "shark" will soon come to terms and agree to any honest settlement if he be threatened with a suit for the recovery of usurious interest under the section of the Revised Statutes above referred to.

It has not been uncommon for high Department officials to advance money to curbstone brokers and their more scrupulous allies, the so-called bankers, who in turn lend it out to impecunious Government clerks and others at illegal rates of interest. There are several officials of this class now in the Treasury Department, who should be made to vacate in the interest of less avaricious men.

An Eastern man who acted as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury is alleged to have made considerable money in this dubious way, and, as is characteristic of the locality from which he hails, he saved every dollar of it. But perhaps his excuse would be that he flourished during the John Sherman era, when it was deemed a high virtue to heed the Shakespearian admonition. Fahenstock, the New York banker, who, through the instrumentality of Sherman, took a long and most successful pull at the Nation's teat, would be a most excellent witness for the defence in the event of Mr. Sherman deeming himself sufficiently aggrieved to bring a libel suit against me.

But, to return to the "sharks"—the carrion crows of the curb-

stone. The changed administration will very soon discover that the avocation of this reprehensible class is subversive of discipline, and is a serious detriment to the public service. A Government clerk is totally unfitted to perform his duties when perpetually harassed by the thought that if the "shark" refuses to renew his note, he will not have the means to support himself and family until the next pay-day rolls around. Hundreds of clerks have become inebriates through the trouble engendered by the incessant demands of these leeches. The disreputable class who have so long fed upon the impecunious clerks should be driven out as mercilessly as were those who bought and sold doves in the market-place, which is so graphically described in Holy Writ. A general order should be issued prohibiting clerks from patronizing such questionable business men as the foregoing, on the penalty of dismissal from the service if detected in its violation. The late Gresham, the titular head of the Post-Office Department, made an egregious ass of himself by forbidding his clerks to buy tickets in the Louisiana Lottery Company, an institution established under the Constitution of a sovereign State. With far greater propriety, and in strict compliance with the best interests of the Government, the heads of Departments should step in between the "lambs" and the rapacious "wolves" who have been fleecing them for lo! these many years, and break up the notorious money-sharks.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FATE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE SCENE AT GARFIELD'S INAUGURATION—M'VEAGH'S GAUNTLET—CONKLING PRESAGES THE COMING STORM—CONSTERNATION IN THE SENATE AT ROBERTSON'S NOMINATION FOR COLLECTOR—THE GREAT FIGHT AT ALBANY—THE CRACK OF GUITEAU'S PISTOL—ARTHUR'S DILEMMA—BLAINE'S EFFORT TO ENTRAP HIM—CONKLING'S STORMY INTERVIEW WITH THE NEW PRESIDENT—BOTH WINGS ANTAGONIZED—CONKLING'S PROPHECY FULFILLED—THE BATTLE LOST THROUGH THE DISINTEGRATION OF THE PARTY.

The possibility of the election of President Arthur as Senator from New York fails to find any encouragement on the part of the friends of Mr. Blaine. Though Mr. Blaine has made no public complaint, yet it is known that he feels that his fears respecting Stalwart treachery were fully justified, and that President Arthur is not without some responsibility for the party's defeat. It is feared, too, that possibly the election of the President might only intensify these factional differences, which all the wiser politicians in the party know to be the real cause of Mr. Blaine's defeat.

One of the older politicians said recently that if the story of the four years' administration now soon to end were told, in its relation to the party differences, then it would be seen that it was not Burchardism, nor Blaine's dinner, nor any other accident, but organic disease that brought defeat. That history has never been told in detail and consecutively as it is now given in that which follows; and though many of the bare facts the public has known, yet much that is here reported has never been made public before. It has been necessary, in order that the relations of different details to each other may be made clear, that some familiar facts should be repeated.

When President Garfield read his inaugural speech on the blustering and dismal 4th of March, 1881, he was surrounded and listened to by many of the great men of the Republican party. Directly behind him sat, with uncovered head, Vice-President Arthur. Within arm's length was the impressive face of James G. Blaine. Just beyond, the tall figure of Roscoe Conkling was con-

spicuous above the sea of heads, and by his side was Senator Eugene Hale. The cunning countenance of Wm. E. Chandler and the placid, mournful face of Thomas C. Platt, John Logan's stern visage, and Whitelaw Reid's smile of content, were there in close contact, and there were many others of less repute, who, but a few months before, had been arrayed against each other in the great struggle at Chicago which was the outcome of the factional divisions that had developed in the party. If anything of rancor, bitterness, jealousy, envy, was there, it was hidden, and, to all appearance, the party had forgotten its schism, and was about to begin an era of that prosperity that comes of cordial union of purpose. Garfield, in his exuberant manner, afterwards spoke of the exhibition there made as a happy augury for his administration.

On the following day the President nominated his Cabinet, the Senate, of course, immediately confirming. The party at large, not knowing the embarrassments that the President had met in making up the Cabinet, nor the intense dissatisfaction with which his final decision was received by some leading Republicans, was disposed to be pleased with the choice. It was not known that Conkling had spoken of the Cabinet, as soon as he learned who were to compose it, as incongruous; that the newly-elected Senator Frye—who knew Garfield as well as any man could know him—did not hesitate to express the gravest doubts about the success of an administration with such a body of advisers; that Senator Allison rejoiced beyond his usual caution that he had at the last moment declined the Treasury portfolio, and that other wise and able Republicans spoke of the Cabinet as a dangerous experiment. These men knew what was hidden from the public; that there was intense personal hostility and distrust entertained by Blaine and MacVeagh for each other, and that both, being men of strong wills and intense convictions, would be likely to cause a schism in the Cabinet from the beginning.

For some weeks after the new administration began its duties it was eventless. The Republican party seemed at last at peace. The Senate droned along in daily but short executive sessions. Such nominations as were sent in were of no great importance. No clashing between the Executive and the Senate jarred the political atmosphere until Mr. Chandler was nominated for the office

of Solicitor-General of the Department of Justice. Mr. Chandler had had his eye on this office for a long time. Though not so lucrative nor conspicuous as some others, it conferred social distinction and no little political influence, both strong inducements for Mr. Chandler to ask it. The nomination developed the evidence of discord in the Cabinet. Mr. MacVeagh, the Attorney-General, protested against it. He distrusted Mr. Chandler and despised his political habits, and he regarded the nomination as the result of a violation of a pledge that all the members of the Cabinet had taken to interfere in no way with any of the Departments outside their own. Mr. MacVeagh held Mr. Blaine responsible for this nomination. The Attorney-General knew of the exceedingly close personal and political relations that existed between Mr. Blaine and Mr. Chandler. He was well aware that Mr. Chandler had been Mr. Blaine's emissary the year before and had negotiated the bargain with Judge Robertson, of the New York Senate, by which Judge Robertson, in return for the promise of the collectorship of the port of New York, agreed to neglect the pledges exacted by the New York State Convention, break the unit rule, and deliver his own and a few other votes from New York to Blaine in the Convention of 1880.

Mr. MacVeagh therefore not only protested but threatened. Whatever his weaknesses, moral cowardice is not one. He threw his resignation at Garfield's feet, and only recalled it when the President assured him that Mr. Chandler's nomination was only formal, and that it would not be taken amiss by the administration if he should go on the floor of the Senate and urge its rejection. This Mr. MacVeagh made haste to do, and with eminent success. The incident was the first revelation of the tangle in which the party soon after became hopelessly involved, and it indirectly caused an estrangement between Mr. Chandler and Mr. Blaine that led to subsequent important results, and to one of the many magical revolutions of the four years' administration. At the time, however, it made little or no impression on the country. Mr. Chandler was simply known as a politician of the smarter though smaller kind, and the office involved was not one of great national importance.

THE TURKEY-COCK.

Mr. Conkling, however, saw in this nomination and its subsequent treatment the cloud no larger than a man's hand, that meant a future tempest. He did not hesitate to say to Mr. MacVeagh, with whom he was on friendly terms, that he so looked upon the incident, and that when the squall which it presaged came, it would be a furious one. Yet Mr. Conkling, though he had scented danger so long, was in a few days in its immediate presence, and, with all his keenness of perception, did not foresee that it was on the instant to come and overwhelm him. At the urgent invitation of the President, Mr. Conkling made his first visit to the White House in four years, and, with one exception, the only one he has made there since 1876. Excepting once in the winter, the Senator had not met the President since the memorable meeting at Mentor which turned the tide that threatened to submerge the Republican party. The friends of the President and of the Senator agree substantially on the following account of what occurred at the White House meeting: The President urged the Senator to make known with perfect freedom his views and wishes respecting the New York patronage, and assured Mr. Conkling that as far as possible they should be gratified. The Senator replied that he had nothing whatever to ask or suggest, but he added that he should be wholly content if Mr. Merritt were retained as collector of the port of New York until the end of his term, then some two years to run. The President said that he had decided to tender to Judge Robertson a Federal office of consequence in New York, and that he had the District Attorney's office in mind. He wished to know whether the Senator would oppose that nomination. Thereupon Mr. Conkling made the remark so often quoted, that if the nomination was made, he supposed he could go to the cloak-room and hold his nose while the Senate considered it. Mr. Conkling subsequently told his friends that he regarded the office as of no special consequence, and there was no preference between Judge Robertson and him whom Mr. Conkling called "Little Stew. Woodford."

Mr. Conkling went from the White House that night believing that Judge Robertson would speedily be nominated for District Attorney. Yet he was convinced that though trouble might be for a time postponed, it must sooner or later be met.

That very night, after Mr. Conkling went away, the President received a telegram from New York through the medium of Mr. John Hay, the intimate friend of Mr. Blaine and Mr. Whitelaw Reid. It virtually commanded the President to nominate Judge Robertson for collector or to take the consequences. A copy of that telegram is still in existence. On that same night Mr. Blaine was reported to have threatened the President with his own displeasure unless Judge Robertson's name was at once sent to the Senate for collector of the port of New York. Mr. Blaine also showed how the appointment could be made by recasting several other proposed nominations.

The following day the private secretary of the President appeared at the door of the Senate with a message. He stood unrecognized for some moments, for a Senator was speaking. Mr. Conkling was in his seat listlessly glancing at a newspaper. Vice-President Arthur had just entered from a temporary absence, and was toying with the little ivory mallet. He caused the Senator who was speaking to suspend for a moment, and received the Executive message. The sleepy Senate paid no heed to this. Scarcely any one looked up. Mr. Conkling leisurely turned his newspaper over. General Arthur carelessly glanced at the manifold copy of the message, but when his eyes fell on the lines written thereon he betrayed excitement. He read and read, and when he at length looked up his features were set and hardened. Not catching Mr Conkling's eye, he summoned a page and sent the sheet to the Senator's seat. Mr. Conkling read it with his usual deliberation. At length he looked up to the Vice-President, and the glance with which he met General Arthur's eye was full of significance. Mr. Conkling never wrote such a story on his expressive countenance as was then written on it. Always allowing his emotions full play, his countenance was now awful to look upon. Senators near by saw this, and knew at once that some startling thing had happened. They one by one gathered about him, but he said nothing. He simply pointed to the message, and soon after resumed his reading. This strange pantomime had been observed in the galleries, and the frequenters whispered to one another, asking what it meant. The keen-eyed reporters were at the doors of the Senate in a moment seeking an explanation. Senators of both parties gathered in little groups in the rear.

Those who understood the significance of the message explained it to those who did not. Mr. Conkling sat there alone reading his paper, and the Vice-President tapped gently with the gavel. The strain was too great for the Senate to endure, and the doors were soon closed, that there might be the relief that the freedom of an executive session gives.

The President had simply nominated Judge Robertson for collector of the port of New York.

It was a solemn time for the Republican Senators. Though there was almost no appreciation in the party throughout the country of the critical condition, nor any proper realization of the consequences to the party that would follow this nomination, yet the Senators grasped the situation fully. They knew that the appointment meant nothing but the driving of Mr. Conkling and his New York following to the wall. Mr. Allison, who was one of the few men who retained the personal friendship of both Mr. Conkling and Mr. Blaine, exerted himself night and day to have the blunder, as he regarded it, righted. Mr. Sherman, whose relations with Mr. Conkling were unfriendly, regarded the appointment as a sad and needless mistake. Mr. Hoar, who cordially disliked Mr. Conkling, was not blind to the effect of the nomination. Mr. Logan, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Teller, and Mr. Jones were not less anxious than indignant. Mr. Platt, who had just entered the Senate, was personally much affected. He had pledged himself when elected to the Senate not to vote against the President's New York appointments, but he had never dreamed that Judge Robertson would be nominated to the most powerful political office out of Washington. Mr. Platt could not in honor or with fidelity to his friends Conkling and Arthur vote for confirmation. He decided, therefore, that if the nomination were forced to a vote he would resign. Mr. Platt was subsequently dubbed "Me too," but the term of derision was unjustly given. It was he who first determined to resign, not Mr. Conkling.

As the day passed, the situation became more and more gloomy. Almost every Republican Senator had personally urged the President to withdraw the nomination. All sorts of schemes were proposed by which the difficulty could be satisfactorily adjusted. The Republican Senators caucussed on it, but they were met at the

very threshold of their caucussing by the embarrassing fact that immemorial custom of the Senate had always given the Senators from the State to which a nomination was credited the privilege of saying whether the Senate should confirm it or not. At last a committee of Senators called upon the President and made propositions looking toward a dignified settlement. For the first time the President showed signs of yielding. Senators like Frye and Allison, who knew Garfield well, were satisfied that he was acting in the matter contrary to his nature. They detected, as they thought, signs of great annoyance, embarrassment, and once of positive distress on his part. They knew that he had no personal animosity toward Mr. Conkling, and they were convinced that he was subjected to an imperious, relentless influence which he could not resist. There was only one man, they were sure, who could exercise such power, and he was Mr. Blaine. The reasons for such exercise were plain. The President indicated to this committee of Republican Senators a desire to break away, to yield, and at last the committee believed that a satisfactory arrangement had been made, to the effect that all the important New York nominations should be withdrawn, no more made, and the Senate permitted to adjourn *sine die*.

The very next day all of the New York nominations that had been made professedly to satisfy the Stalwarts were withdrawn, but that of Judge Robertson was not. The *ultimatum* had come. The relentless power back of the Executive had asserted itself again. The Senators must choose between the President and Mr. Conkling, and self-preservation left almost all of them, as they thought, no choice. If it came to this crisis, nearly all of the Senators had told Mr. Conkling that they would be compelled to stand with the President. So they did. Judge Robertson was confirmed. Up to this time the party throughout the country had but faint conception of the agony and dread of those days their Senators had experienced. So far as possible the Senators had kept their solicitude secret, so that, if all went well, the party need know nothing of the danger to which it had been exposed.

On the Monday following Judge Robertson's confirmation Senators Conkling and Platt resigned, and the secret was out. Both the Senators left the chamber the instant the vote was taken, and

neither has set foot in it since. Now the party knew that which before had been only vaguely surmised. War had been declared and the gage accepted. "It is the beginning of the end, I fear," said Senator Allison.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

Whether Mr. Conkling intended to be a candidate for re-election when he resigned or not, is known only to himself, Arthur, Senator Platt, and perhaps one other. The best opinion is that it was at the suggestion of Gen. Arthur that the two Senators decided to appeal at once to the legislature. Certainly, Arthur cordially approved of the effort, even to the point of promising to aid personally at Albany. No action of his political life has been more deeply regretted by Arthur, especially as it caused embarrassment subsequently more annoying than the country has dreamed of.

Though the effort to secure a re-election met with defeat, yet neither the party nor the faction gained anything, for the successors were men utterly unfit for the delicate task of restoring harmony in New York, and so notoriously incompetent to represent the great State in the Senate, that its influence there now is pitiably small. After the first shock that the resignations caused to the administration had passed away, the old, relentless power asserted itself. Mr. James and Mr. MacVeagh were to be speedily forced out of the Cabinet. Mr. Blaine despised and distrusted Mr. James, and he feared and hated Mr. MacVeagh. Successors congenial to him had been decided upon.

Then, in the flashing of a pistol, destinies were changed, the power of the powerful vanished, and again the weak things of the world confounded the mighty.

In the summer months in which Garfield lay slowly dying, factional strifes were suspended. Mr. Conkling in that period, in conversation with a United States Senator, said in effect, speaking of the party troubles and the recent clashing of factions, that the crisis was impending for the party as surely as it was for the Nation in 1860. It was inevitable, as sure as cause and effect, as logical a consequence of the diverse tendencies that had been nurtured in the party as a geometrical demonstration. Whether this terrible catastrophe would check it was a problem of the future.

Mr. Conkling was, however, of little faith. He was disposed to believe that nothing but the terrible discipline of defeat awaited the party.

During these summer months, while there was party peace, there was also the exercise of the craft of the politician, which had an important relation to subsequent events, and of which the history until now has never been told. When the Vice-President arrived in Washington on the morning succeeding the day that Garfield was assassinated, he was in great mental distress. Always sensitive almost to the point of morbidness, he heard with the keenest pain the accusations that he and his faction were responsible for Guiteau's act. He had passed a sleepless night on his way from New York, and had determined on his course when he reached Washington. The Vice-President had decided, in case of the death of the President before public opinion did justice to his successor, that his first act would be to convoke the Senate in special session, urge the immediate election of a President *pro tem.*, and then resign the office of President. A new election would, under the law, be held the following November. Arthur had so decided, because he felt that in the then state of public excitement it would be almost impossible for him to administer the Government.

Among the first to call on him after his arrival was Mr. Blaine, who was so kind and considerate that the Vice-President was touched. Mr. Blaine was with him much of the time that day, and when, in the afternoon, Arthur thought to take a ride to refresh himself—for he was very weary with lack of sleep and worn with mental distress—Mr. Blaine urged him not to do so. The Secretary said that the Vice-President should not risk his life.

Arthur, however, replied that if his life was sought he would be safe nowhere.

Mr. Blaine then urged him to take on the driver's box a detective.

Arthur declined, saying that a detective would deter no assassin. Mr. Blaine seemed annoyed when the Vice-President went for the ride, and was relieved only on his safe return.

"The truth was," said Arthur, when mentioning the incident afterward, "at that time I was in such distress that I did not care if some one shot me."

When it became apparent that the President would linger for some time, Mr. Blaine of all the Cabinet was the most solicitous about the Vice-President's health, and Arthur for some time had no reason to doubt that that solicitude was due simply to Mr. Blaine's anxiety lest the country be without an Executive. There being no President *pro tempore* of the Senate and no Speaker of the House, a contingency might arise for which no provision had been made by law. Mr. Blaine knew, too, what the country was ignorant of, that Arthur's friends were seriously alarmed about him. He had grown moody, depressed, and melancholy, and it seemed almost impossible to divert his mind. He seldom went beyond his doors. When he first returned to New York after Garfield was shot, old acquaintances who met him would say: "Well, General, when you become President the Stalwarts will be on top again." Such remarks were most distressing to him, not only because of their indecency, but because they showed that some of his greatest trials, if he had to assume the office, would be caused by his old Stalwart friends.

BLAINE'S MANŒUVRING.

Mr. Blaine had been informed early in the illness of the President that there was no hope for recovery. The Secretary began a correspondence with the Vice-President, which at first was limited to information about the President's condition and solicitous inquiries about the Vice-President's health. Little by little, however, the scope of his correspondence was extended to suggestions and unasked advice respecting Arthur's course. It became so bold, suggestive, and insinuating that it did not fail to induce the suspicion that Mr. Blaine was striving to gain whatever of the Vice-President's favor he could. At length Mr. Blaine began to intimate that it was a very serious question whether the emergency of a President's inability, provided for by the Constitution, had not arisen. The intimation vexed and distressed the Vice-President. When the subject had been casually broached by some legal friends in his presence, he said that nothing but national extremity would induce him to consider the matter, and then only in response to unmistakable public opinion. At several of the informal meetings of the Cabinet, Mr. Blaine had suggested that President Garfield's

inability was clearly within the meaning of the Constitution. Secretary Windom and Secretary Hunt were inclined to this view, but Mr. MacVeagh opposed it.

One evening early in August, a warm personal friend of the Vice-President received a telegram from Postmaster-General James urging him to meet Mr. James at the Pennsylvania depot in Jersey City on the arrival of the evening train from Washington. The Postmaster-General was met, and driven rapidly to Gen. Arthur's house. There it was learned that after a stormy session of the Cabinet Mr. James had been sent to New York with a message of great importance. It appeared that Mr. Blaine had called a Cabinet meeting that morning, at which he asserted that the time had come for the Cabinet to declare that the President labored under such inability as the Constitution contemplated, and that it was the duty of the Vice-President to assume the functions of the office until the disability had passed away. There followed a stormy scene. Mr. MacVeagh characterized the proposition as monstrous and revolutionary. Mr. Blaine, however, showed the draft of an address he had prepared, being in the nature of a Cabinet request to the Vice-President to take the subject into immediate consideration. Mr. Kirkwood suggested that before anything more was done the Vice-President should be consulted; and, being supported by a majority of the Cabinet in this, it was decided that Mr. James should go at once to New York and informally lay the whole matter before the Vice-President, get his views, and report to the Cabinet the next morning.

Mr. James did not need many minutes to get Gen. Arthur's opinion. It was given with force, in a few words, and was an emphatic negative to the project. Mr. James was able to take the midnight train for Washington and to give Arthur's answer to the Cabinet the next morning. The subject was never mentioned again by the Cabinet.

In all this, as well as in other more trivial incidents, Mr. Arthur's closest friends could not help suspecting that which Mr. MacVeagh afterward asserted to be a fact, that Mr. Blaine had determined, if possible, to be as close to power in Arthur's administration as he had been in Garfield's.

Immediately after the funeral of General Garfield, President

Arthur informed the Cabinet that it was his wish that the Secretaries should retain their portfolios, at least until he could be thoroughly informed of his predecessor's purposes and policy. The President announced that it was his intention, so far as possible, to carry out the policy and the intentions respecting appointments of the late President. With one exception, the Cabinet consented to remain. Mr. MacVeagh, however, in spite of the President's repeated requests, insisted, even, as the President thought, to the point of rudeness, in retiring at once. Mr. MacVeagh's reasons were reported by his friends to be a fear that President Arthur would fall even more completely under Mr. Blaine's influence than President Garfield had, and also that the new President would shield the star route conspirators. Mr. James and Mr. Windom announced that they should retire at as early a period as would be convenient to the President; the former to accept a remunerative business opportunity in New York, the latter to compass his immediate re-election to the Senate from Minnesota.

One who was in the Cabinet at that time subsequently said: "President Arthur was one with whom the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. James, had slight acquaintance. In the first few Cabinet meetings he seemed the scholar more than the master. He said little except in the way of interrogatory, but we were soon impressed that he was a man of firmness and conviction, though extremely deliberate. He had not been in office a month before we saw that his factional preferences would have no control over his actions. We were surprised at the unyielding purpose to carry out General Garfield's intentions respecting appointments, and he never hesitated to take the assurance of any of us respecting those intentions. Some of these nominations were of men who had bitterly attacked and opposed President Arthur, but that seemed not to be thought of by him. It was plain, however, that in following this course he knew that he should alienate some of his best friends. We knew something of the pressure that the Stalwart faction was bringing to bear on him. We could not help feeling, therefore, that in spite of his course the factional disturbances that had been so demoralizing would not be quieted."

ARTHUR AND BLAINE.

During these first weeks of the new era in the four years' administration Mr. Blaine was in as frequent consultation with the President as he was permitted to be. The Secretary found the President, though cordial, yet cautious, self-shielding, and his own master, traits of character which surprised Mr. Blaine. The Secretary had judged the President by his public repute as a local politician, and had believed that he would be bewildered and confused by the duties of his office, and, therefore, would gladly lean on some one of the experience in public affairs that the Secretary of State had gathered from twenty years' life in public. He found it, however, extremely difficult to get near the President. No confidences were asked, and, though the Secretary was not repulsed, he was not sought beyond the limit of his official duties. Yet Mr. Blaine did not know that at that time the President had already been estranged from one of his warmest friends because he had refused summarily to remove Mr. Blaine from the Cabinet.

The facts of that estrangement are these:

Not many days after Arthur became President, Mr. Conkling came to Washington expressly to see him. The President was living at that time in Senator Jones' house on Capitol Hill. Mr. Conkling arrived early in the morning, and, after breakfasting with the President, they secluded themselves in the little library that Arthur used for his private office. They were closeted for five hours. The conversation, at first friendly, became heated, and at last the tones of Mr. Conkling's voice were so pronounced and his excitement and indignation so great that it became necessary to convey to him an intimation that he was being heard beyond the doors of the room. He was advising, urging, protesting, and warning. The President expostulated, but all that he said seemed the more to arouse Mr. Conkling. At last the door opened, and with the most frigid of courtesies and with an angry face Mr. Conkling left the house, took the first train to New York, and, with one exception, has never since spoken to the President.

It appears that Mr. Conkling came to Washington to consult with the President about his policy in general, and especially respecting his treatment of certain prominent men. So far as Mr.

Conkling's counsel respecting the general policy of the new administration was concerned, the President recognized its wisdom and statesmanlike soundness; but when it came to the course to be followed toward individuals, a radical and to Mr. Conkling a surprising difference was found to exist. The President refused to remove Collector Robertson. Even though he was reminded by Mr. Conkling that it was what he termed Judge Robertson's treachery that had caused much of the factional trouble, and although the President was also reminded that he knew Judge Robertson well enough to be certain that he would use his office against the personal interests of the President and his party friends, yet Arthur was firm in his refusal. The President asserted that, as a matter of policy even, it would prove unwise and harmful if he removed the Collector. The President said that he had already seen enough of such party troubles as those through which they had just passed, and that he had determined if fate made him President to do all in his power to unite the party instead of dividing it still more widely. Mr. Conkling admitted that the President's desire was a worthy one, but he believed that if it were to be accomplished, it would be by action, not inaction. But Mr. Conkling added that he was astonished that the President did not see that some division was inevitable, that the schism was to some extent permanent, and that there only remained such a course as would strengthen himself, and put as small a number as possible on the other side of the dividing line. Mr. Conkling assured the President that his proposed course, while it might bring him a few of his former party enemies, would cost him many of his party friends. His idea was that courageous and heroic treatment would be best for the party, provided it was tempered with tact and wisdom.

The President declined to accept this view.

Next Mr. Conkling asserted that the President could not afford to tolerate Mr. Blaine in the Cabinet. If no other considerations suggested themselves, Mr. Conkling was sure that the certainty that Mr. Blaine would imperil the success of the administration ought to weigh with the President.

Arthur, in reply, said that while he had no idea that Mr. Blaine would remain many months in the Cabinet, yet he had no intention of asking for his resignation. The President thought

that he understood Mr. Blaine well enough to know that he would speedily be compelled of his own accord to leave the administration. Mr. Conkling protested against such method of treating the Secretary of State. He was convinced that Blaine would make and the President lose by it. Still the President firmly refused to do as Mr. Conkling suggested, and thus another of the strange revolutions of the four years occurred. Arthur and Mr. Conkling were estranged, and the friendship of years was broken by reason of the very party troubles that had but a few months before drawn them together more closely than ever.

ARTHUR WATCHING BLAINE.

Through the full month that followed his accession to the office the President watched his Secretary of State more closely than the suspicious mind of Mr. Blaine dreamed. Though outward relations were cordial, the President had taken pains, of which Mr. Blaine was ignorant, to inform himself of all that was transpiring at the State Department. The President learned more than Mr. Blaine had mentioned in the Cabinet meeting. He discovered that Mr. Blaine was conducting the delicate correspondence with Chili and Peru not only in a manner which was wholly disapproved by the President, but that he had kept the administration in ignorance of what he was doing. When at length the President informed Mr. Blaine what he had learned, the Secretary was not frank, and would not admit the accuracy of the President's information until confronted by proof. Of this the country did not know; but it did know that the President had suddenly and peremptorily altered the instructions of the Secretary to our special envoys, and that he had done so to avert the danger of war with Chili.

It was not so much the mortification of the implied censure, whose publicity could not be avoided, as the private exposure of his lack of good faith toward the administration of which he was a member that compelled Mr. Blaine's early withdrawal from the Cabinet. Moreover, the disclosure had came at the very time that delicate hints had been made to the President looking toward a political alliance with Mr. Blaine. The Secretary had caused it to be conveyed to the President that there had been an agreement with Garfield that none of the Cabinet should have his eye on the

succession, but that Garfield should be supported for that, and Mr. Arthur was informed that Mr. Blaine was willing and anxious to renew that bond with him, providing the State Department remained in his control. These hints were not noticed by the President.

There had been another cause of difference between the President and the Secretary. It arose in connection with the proposed Congress of American nations, which was a hobby of Mr. Blaine's. The President neither believed in its expediency nor in the proposed manner of convoking it. He asserted that Mr. Blaine's scheme was an old one; that it had been one of John Quincy Adams' projects, and had in his administration excited much debate in Congress, and had met an inglorious failure. The President saw no reason for a repetition of the attempt, and had decided convictions about the policy of the proposed Congress.

To Mr. Blaine the President's opposition was a bitter disappointment. Foiled in his purposes, Mr. Blaine retired from the Cabinet, and never afterward failed to speak of the President with the contempt that is born of extreme personal hostility; and his numerous friends, then, as always, took their cue from him.

Yet the President, struggling to harmonize the party, took special pains to make it appear that he harbored no enmity toward Mr. Blaine. He appointed Walker Blaine a special envoy to South America, and later made him one of the special counsel for the Government before the Alabama Claims Commission, and in other ways sought to appease Mr. Blaine and his friends. All to no purpose, however.

Thus, on the threshold of his administration, Arthur was met with most embarrassing and annoying difficulties, which threatened not only mortifying personal failure in his Presidency, but to involve the party in the mire, instead of extricating it. He had lost the support of Conkling, and had incurred his displeasure. Of course, that took from him the support of much of Mr. Conkling's following in New York, comprising some of the shrewdest politicians in the State. The President had also seriously offended Mr. Blaine, and in the most dangerous way, by subjecting him to mortification. He had, sooner than seemed possible, discovered that Mr. Conkling was right in his predictions. It seemed as

though he would be left without support, or else must build up a third faction, based on Executive favor, and sure to be known as the Arthur faction. The President keenly appreciated the situation, and spoke of it to his intimate friends. He said once: "If I succeed in harmonizing the discordant elements, as now seems almost impossible, there must be a victim somewhere, and I shall probably find myself that victim; yet, if I do not succeed, what a position I shall find myself in!"

There was another perplexity not known to the country which gave the President great anxiety. That was the course of the Republican Senators. There was not open and pronounced hostility, but there was coldness, restraint, and no promise of support. The President could not put his finger on any act of hostility, but the manner of his party in the Senate was distant and frigid. Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling had both left strong friends in the Senate, and while the antagonisms on the part of the following of each remained, there was a union in sentiment in dislike for the President. Blaine's friends were the more pronounced in their hostility; Conkling's more reserved. Blaine's friends did not hesitate at times bitterly to denounce the President; Conkling's exchanged their views among themselves. There were some exceptions. Gen. Hawley was one. He gave the President strong support from the first. So did Teller, Edmunds, and Cameron, and, to some extent, Logan and Anthony. Some carried their hostility so far that they would not go to the White House. Senator Miller, of New York, was one of these, and Senator Sherman another. Senator Hoar made one or two brief imperative calls, which ceased after the President had appointed Mr. Hoar's friend, Judge Gray, to the Supreme Bench. It was at that time that the President received, as he said, more cordial sympathy from some Senators on the Democratic side than from his own party, leading to friendships that will long endure.

THE ARTHURIAN ERA.

The President had determined to make no removals except for cause, and no one will know the pressure that was brought upon him by Stalwarts from all parts of the country. He refused to listen to these appeals, and this refusal alienated many men. On

the other hand, his course in rigidly carrying out Gen. Garfield's purposes respecting appointments brought him but little support from Garfield's friends. It was indeed a gloomy prospect for the party when the winter set in.

The President also incurred the hostility of powerful men because he refused to make a personal matter of the Republican caucus nominations in the Senate. The political power being evenly divided, with Senator Davis' vote the controlling one, the Democrats had been able to prevent the election of Mahone's candidate, Riddleberger, as Sergeant-at-Arms, and Geo. C. Gorham as Secretary. Mr. Gorham had been one of the most ardent supporters of the President, and at no little personal sacrifice, and there was no doubt that a little Executive pressure would have compassed his election. The President was strongly urged by influential Republicans to use his power for Mr. Gorham, but he refused. Mr. Gorham's friends were grievously offended, and the effect was seen soon after in indifference and apathy on the part of some of the most vigorous workers in the party. These most dangerous and insidious of party diseases it was plain were eating their way into both wings of the party, and the danger of this Mr. Conkling had pointed out months before.

In the winter session the President had to withstand a pressure, the force of which the country never knew, and the withstanding of which did him and the party great harm, though he earned the good opinion of the country for it. The enormous river and harbor bill, making appropriations of $18,000,000, had passed both houses. Arthur had during its consideration given it an amount of attention which no one suspected. Night after night, with maps, engineers' reports, and the history of previous legislation before him, he studied the subject. He decided to veto the bill, and he thereby put a spark to gunpowder. He was besieged night and day, pleaded with, threatened with loss of personal support, told that a veto would ruin the party. The pressure was almost overwhelming and unanimous on the part of Congress. Yet the veto went in. The act cost him the support of many in the House of Representatives, and made enemies of some who had not been hostile before. Mr. Blaine seized the opportunity. He told his friends that the veto was unwarranted, unjustifiable, and infamous, beyond the spirit of the Constitution, if not its letter, and pro-

mulgated the idea that on the simple question of the amount of a legislative appropriation the President had no right to set his judgment against that of Congress. While the country to some extent approved the veto, it was of great damage to the party by intensifying the apathy of some of the political workers. They thought it contemptible for the President to attempt to deprive them of patronage.

The Cabinet had been almost entirely recast, and to the great disgust of some leading politicians The appointment of Mr. Frelinghuysen as Secretary of State was intensely distasteful to the friends of Mr. Blaine. The retirement of Mr. Kirkwood was resented in Iowa, while in Mr. Teller's appointment some Eastern Stalwarts found cause for complaint. The appointment of Judge Folger as Secretary of the Treasury did not bring the support to the administration that was expected. But when the name of Mr. Chandler was sent to the Senate for the office of Secretary of the Navy much indignation was felt, though not openly expressed, on the part of the leaders of both factions. This appointment was one of the many magical transformations of the four years. A year before kicked out of the Senate when nominated for a minor office, and when Blaine could have saved him, now the agile little politician entered the Cabinet from which Mr. Blaine had with some ignominy departed. Mr. Blaine's friends were angry that he should have taken the place, and from them came stories of the lobbying and business influences that Mr. Chandler had used to secure it. The Stalwarts, especially Mr. Conkling and Mr. Platt, who had never forgiven Chandler for tempting Judge Robertson astray, were indignant, and from them emanated reports that Chandler had entered the Cabinet as Blaine's secret agent, by whom all the secrets of the administration were to be betrayed.

Thus the clashings of jealousy and hostility were intensified, and indifference and apathy became more and more apparent. In addition, the best elements in the party, that had taken no part in the factional troubles were disaffected, because Mr. Chandler stood in bad repute among them.

FOLGER'S DOWNFALL.

The fall elections of 1882 were the first opportunity for determining how deep-seated the apathy and indifference were, and

these elections came soon after the adjournment of Congress. There has always been a dispute about the precise amount of pressure the administration brought to bear to secure the nomination of Judge Folger for governor of New York. Some of Arthur's friends insist that it was against his wish that Judge Folger's name was first suggested, and that the President at last only yielded his opinion when he was assured that no other Republican could carry the State of New York. The President's pride, too, was touched, when it was asserted that if Judge Folger's name was presented to the convention he would be beaten so badly for the nomination that the country would regard it as a signal condemnation of the administration. Whatever the truth, it is a fact that at the Fifth-avenue conference, at which the President was present, he insisted that Judge Folger should be nominated. Mr. Conkling at that same time and place advised against the nomination. He had great regard for Judge Folger, and did not wish to see him nominated only to be beaten. Mr. Conkling believed that it was impossible for any Republican to carry New York at the approaching election. Judge Folger was himself greatly embarrassed. He did not want the nomination. He most earnestly wanted to remain where he was. Yet his hands and tongue were tied.

After Mr. Folger was nominated Mr. Blaine wrote other letters than that to Mr. Harrington, which has lately been published. His friends in New York did not conceal the fact that Mr. Blaine had advised the defeat of Mr. Folger as a necessary blow at the administration. Yet it was not wholly the party treachery of Mr. Blaine's friends in New York that caused that colossal majority to be rolled up against Mr. Folger. Apathy and personal disappointment at the President's course kept thousands of old-time Stalwarts from the polls. The President was at the time inclined to think that a proportionately larger number of Stalwarts than of Half-Breeds contributed to that defeat. This overpowering blow in New York caused the party to give too little heed to the portentious and abnormal Democratic victory elsewhere throughout the Union. Mr. Conkling, however, took in the full significance of it.

"See," he said, when speaking of it, "how deep the canker of apathy and schism has eaten. Too deep. The next administration will be Democratic. The defeat is so stunning and startling that there may be some reaction, but not enough, not enough."

Bewildered by this defeat, the party in the short session of Congress that followed devoted itself wholly to business legislation, and politics slumbered. The tariff bill was passed, as a party measure, but that was all. The President, by a cautious, negative policy, was able to prevent any positive and open exhibition of the troubles that had by no means been cured.

Even the most intimate friends of the President had not been able to get from him up to the spring of '83 any explicit avowal of his desire to be nominated in '84. He was accustomed, when the subject was broached, to turn it off with a jest or more curt reply. "I have stopped making plans for the future," he said to one of his most intimate friends. "I simply let each day bring forth its own." So he said to Colonel Quay, the able Pennsylvania politician, and the colonel regarded this as good politics. But in the spring of 1883 the President determined not to be a candidate for the nomination. He was not only annoyed and deeply chagrined because of the defeat in New York, but he saw beneath the surface, and its dead-calm, deceitful smoothness. He felt the accuracy of Mr. Conkling's prophecy, and saw no reason to doubt that it would be fulfilled to the end. He also detected in the ominous friendship of the star route politicians for Blaine—a sudden zeal on the part of some of them for an old opponent—party treachery, that affected himself or Blaine, whichever should be the nominee. In this opinion Mr. Blaine shared, for he told his friends to have nothing to do with the star route Stalwarts.

There were other indications that the President had at that time given up all thought of going into the canvass of 1884 He began to look out for a career after his administration should be finished, and to consider several plans for active business in professional life.

The summer and fall of '83 were the stagnation months of the four years, and the President saw little reason to think that the party would be sufficiently aroused from its apathy.

The election of Mr. Carlisle as Speaker, and the interpretation put on that act by Republicans, acted like a mild tonic on the party. Before Mr. Carlisle's nomination, Republican members came back to Washington bringing with them very gloomy reports. The more sanguine of them could give little encouragement, while almost all represented the condition of the party as bad, if not

hopeless. From no part of the country did any promise come. Almost all of the Republican members pinned their only hope for a victory in 1884 to the slender reed of a possible Democratic blunder during the session; and when Mr. Carlisle was nominated, they at once said, "There's the blunder." Mr. Carlisle's views on the tariff were sent widespread, and an attempt that came not far from being systematic and organized was made to alarm the country by asserting that Carlisle's election meant free trade agitation. Much of the inspiration for this attempt came from Mr. Blaine. The President, too, did not hesitate to attempt to gain party advantage from that event. On the night that Mr. Carlisle was nominated, the President recast that part of his message which related to the subject of the reduction of customs duties. Judge Folger, in the report that he submitted to the President, had taken very nearly the same ground respecting tax reduction that Mr. Carlisle stood upon, and, much to his regret, the President requested him to modify it. The President himself struck from his message all that he had written on the subject, and the document went to Congress without special reference to this vital matter. This was done by the advice of some of the leading Republican congressmen, who suggested to the President that, in this matter of free trade agitation, the single opportunity for party advantage was to be found. The appointment of Mr. Morrison as the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee; his announcement of his intention to bring in a bill reducing customs duties; his fulfilment of the promise; the long debate; the antagonisms that arose in the Democratic party in the House because of it, and the final defeat of the bill by summary process by a combination of Republicans and a minority of the Democrats; the threats of certain heated Democrats to transfer the contest to Chicago—all these things did for the time seem to justify the Republican leaders in trusting that their embryo bud of hope had blossomed, and that Republican success might be possible after all.

Yet the wisest Republicans were by no means hopeful. Mr. Blaine, who was visited almost daily by politicians in reference to his nomination, saw more clearly than they the real condition of the party, and not until late in the spring was he anxious to be the candidate. To those whom he trusted he said he doubted whether

he could be elected. An effort was made in the winter by Mr. Allison, Mr. Hale, Mr. Chaffee, and a few others to bring about a reconciliation between Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling and Mr. Blaine and Gen. Grant. So far as the ex-President was concerned, it succeeded, and at a meeting at the Arlington Hotel friendly relations were initiated. Gen. Grant had, like Conkling, been bitterly disappointed in Arthur's course. But Mr. Conkling refused to meet Mr. Blaine, and not because of any personal quarrel, but because he believed Mr. Blaine to be untruthful, treacherous, unscrupulous, and dishonest. "That book is sealed forever," said Mr. Blaine when told that the effort had met with failure.

At another time Mr. Blaine said: "I do not care for the nomination myself. I only want to live long enough to beat Chester A. Arthur." Of course this remark was not long in reaching the President, and when he heard it he said, with just a suspicion of sarcasm: "Well, Mr. Blaine having twice had personal experience of the disappointments there are in failure to receive the nomination, he possibly thinks mine may be as exquisite as his. In that he is mistaken. But, in case he is nominated, he may be able to round off his career with an additional experience which I shall escape. He may be able to add to his other memories that of the sensation caused by defeat." This remark, in turn, was carried to Mr. Blaine. "It means," said he, "that in case I am nominated I shall have not only the Democracy, but the administration to fight."

In the latter part of the spring of '84 Mr. Blaine learned that his nomination would command a very large support from Irish Democrats. Some very skilful work had been done in that field, and it promised to yield rich harvest. A large preliminary subscription fund had been raised, and with this and the anti-British sentiment cunningly nursed, it was believed that an offset could be obtained against Stalwart treachery in New York. Then Mr. Blaine began for the first time to take that personal interest in his own candidacy which his friends had so long desired.

Mr. Blaine's old-time friends had been largely supplanted by new ones. Mr. Elkins, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Charles E. Smith, and a lot of men of less repute, had taken the places of Chandler, Frye, and Hale, and other veterans, while Arthur's canvass was managed by

such comparatively inferior politicians as Dutcher, Burleigh, Hatton, and Evans. The few trained observers who were there and saw beneath the surface understood that much of the Blaine enthusiasm was specious, superficial, and, as represented by Thomas C. Platt and George C. Gorham, positively suspicious. The presence of these two men in Chicago tooting for Blaine was one of the many cyclonic exhibitions of the times.

While the Blaine enthusiasm was seen to be no such splendid, genuine, and contagious outflow of feeling as that which compelled admiration in 1880 and 1876, it was still more apparent that there was no heart at all in the Arthur canvass. Even his old New York friends folded their arms and went through their duties in the most indifferent and perfunctory way. Besides, the hostility of the two factions, or the three, for there was a Stalwart faction opposed to both Arthur and Blaine, was dangerously bitter, and it blinded all to the patent fact that there was a dangerously large element in the party which had not been involved in factional warfare, but which would not support Mr. Blaine if he was nominated.

The Convention, properly analyzed, revealed to more than one politician the true condition of the Republican party. There were apathies, jealousies, personal and selfish ambitions that would rule or ruin, with short-sightedness, and, on the part of a good many, an ill-concealed indifference to Democratic success.

After the Convention had done its work the President was chatting one evening with some friends. He said that he believed the Convention had made a mistake in not adopting the unit rule, and gave his reasons. He intimated, too, that the demoralized condition of the party was palpably set forth by the refusal to adopt that rule, and he did not speak in the most encouraging terms of the prospect.

"Had the unit rule been adopted," said one of the company, "New York might have had the nomination and next President."

The President quickly replied, and with a smile, "Are you so sure, then, that New York will not have the next President?"

That was all he said, but the unmistakable reference to Cleveland was regarded as indicating that the President entertained no great hope for party success.

From the day of Cleveland's nomination to his election the administration never smiled on the Republican canvass. The thou-

sand and one things that it might properly do were left undone. It threw the dead weight of indifference upon the burden the Republican committee had to meet. From the open and pronounced hostility of Frank Hatton to the last feeble flutterings of party discipline that led Mr. Chandler to make a speech or two, there was nothing but the most chilling blasts of indifference. Mr. Chandler refused even in Virginia to give the customary help that under his skilful management might have been obtained from the navy-yards. Mr. Hatton not only peremptorily declined to make use of the Post-Office, but caused the impression to go abroad among the employés that it would be just as well for them to be passive; and in a number of cases he deliberately threw away opportunities by making obnoxious appointments. In every one of the Departments the clerks felt that they would incur no displeasure if they contributed nothing, and though Mr. Clapp, who had charge of the business of raising money in Washington, pleaded often with the chief for encouragement, he failed to get it, and at last came to the conclusion that the administration was wholly indifferent.

Meanwhile there is no doubt that an understanding existed among the Stalwarts of the Conkling wing that boded no good to the cause.

Of course the Republican committee knew of this, and, though it gave Mr. Blaine great uneasiness, he was assured that its effects would be more, much more, than offset by the Irish vote and the disaffected Democrats who did not follow Butler, and those who did.

In view of all this, it is not so surprising that Mr. Blaine was defeated as that he came so close to victory.

The vote throughout the Northern States verifies to the full Mr. Conkling's prophecy. Defeat was due, as he pointed out three years ago, to organic disease. "None but a demoralized party," a veteran observer has just said, "would attribute defeat to paltry causes. Had the party not been moribund the sentence of Burchard could not have harmed it. It was retribution that, as the party was to fail, it should fail under the leadership of the man who has so much of responsibility to bear for its disintegration."

[The above admirable and truthful narrative is from The Sun, of New York, a paper that surpasses all its contemporaries as a chronicler of important events.]

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STAR ROUTE CONSPIRACY.

THE METHODS OF THE CONSPIRATORS—THE HIGH OLD TIMES THEY HAD DURING THE HIGH JINKS PERIOD.

In 1876 Thos. J. Brady came to Washington at the instance and on the advice of Senator O. P. Morton, to whom he had been of more or less service as a pot-house politician. It is said that Morton possessed many attributes of the astute politician, but certain it is that he was a poor judge of men. Perhaps no man in American politics ever surrounded himself with so many third-rate men as Morton. A happy illustration of this observation is to be found in the persons of John C. New, ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Tyner, Buck Terrell, and scores more of his henchmen of minor note. Morton would fix his mind upon making something out of a third-rate man, and would at once boost him into high position, and hold him there until he had filled his depleted exchequer. One of the creatures whom he so advanced was that sweet-scented adventurer, Thos. J. Brady, better known as the king of the star routers. In 1876, when Pratt was Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Morton made him appoint Brady to a special agency in that bureau, who assigned him to duty in New Orleans. Brady was not long in that city before he discovered one John A. Walsh, engaged in illicit whiskey distillation. He also obtained the evidence to prove that Walsh had robbed the Government out of over $100,000. He went before the grand jury and had him indicted, when Walsh fled to Washington city, where he threw himself under the protecting wings of W. P. Kellogg, then in high favor at the Federal court. Of course Walsh was not remanded to New Orleans for trial, and that was the last ever heard of the Walsh whiskey conspiracy. In 1877, when Hayes, the infamous, entered the White House, one of his first acts was to appoint Brady Second Assistant Postmaster-General. Brady had scarcely become warm in his chair when he gave a contract for carrying the mails to this very man Walsh, whom he had previously denounced as a whiskey thief. Walsh's contract originally was for a weekly service at an annual compensation of $18,000, but in less than

three months Brady came to his relief and *expedited* it up to a tri-weekly service, with a compensation of $136,000. Now Walsh's legitimate compensation would have been three times $18,000, or $54,000, and thus it will be seen how, with Brady's assistance, he made a clear steal of $82,000. This was but a typical case—a specimen brick of the manner in which the villanous knaves robbed the Government by means of the star route service. In all, they pocketed not less than $6,000,000, for which they underwent the sham of a so-called trial, from whence they emerged in flying colors, with a verdict of "not guilty." During that trial the authority of the Government was put at defiance, and the mortifying spectacle was beheld of the national plunderers wining and dining with the prosecuting officers, and generally so demeaning themselves as to create the impression that Brewster & Co., and not Brady & Co., were on trial for robbing the Government.

The drunken orgies of the star route lawyers, Attorney-General Brewster, and many other high personages connected with the star route trial will long be remembered by Washingtonians. They were a blot upon the national escutcheon, and show the great danger always inevitable from the entrusting of such vast patronage as that which Brady and his pals enjoyed when he was Second Assistant Postmaster-General. Not only did Brady & Co. employ star service money to debauch juries and corrupt courts, but they actually had the temerity to use it in debauching congressmen and in controlling national conventions. In June, 1880, Roscoe Conkling and a few other Senators of integrity determined to oppose the passage of the star service deficiency bill. It had passed the House, and when it came before the Senate it was referred to sub-committee, of which Senator Wallace, of Pennsylvania, was chairman. For Wallace's kind offices in adopting a report prepared for him by A. C. Buell, recommending the passage of the House bill, Wallace was paid $15,000, which he said he wanted to keep Sam. Randall out of the Cincinnati Convention. But Sam. was equal to the emergency, and went to Cincinnati in spite of all opposition, where he was a strong Tilden man. One of the principal anti-Tilden men who figured in the lobby of that convention was a California ex-congressman, Brady's chief bugleman. This man had disbursed vast sums of star service money, and had debauched

many congressmen and newspaper correspondents. Indeed it has been openly asserted that he has in his possession a full list of all the eminent public men who accepted bribes from him, and it was owing to his possession of such information that shielded and protected him from prosecution during the late star route trials. It should be mentioned that the object of the Government in employing Kerr and Merrick, both Democrats, to aid in the prosecution of the star route thieves was to afford a guarantee to certain Democratic congressmen that their interests in the star route investigations would not suffer, as those lawyers would see to it that all facts calculated to damage them would be suppressed. So well was this part of the service performed that not a single *exposé* was made calculated to implicate leading Democrats, for it seems to have been mutually agreed to protect Democrats and Republicans alike. Kellogg was made the single exception, and Merrick secured his indictment through a spirit of envy and revenge, because of his (Merrick's) failure to oust Kellogg from the Senate and seat the contestant, Spofford, in 1879. Kellogg was doubtless guilty, but there were dozens of congressmen equally guilty, and the only reason they were not indicted was because they were about equally divided between the two political parties.

Old messengers in the Post-Office Department relate with gusto the hilarious old times Brady & Co. were wont to have during the years 1878 and 1879, when they were abstracting lucre from the Federal Treasury. Not only did they enjoy fine dinners, costly wines and cigars, but they also had attached to their establishments fast horses and faster women.

When James became Postmaster-General he discovered that there was a gorgeously-furnished room in the northwest portion of the Post-Office Department building. This room was used by the members of the ring during the day, and was apportioned out by hours. Sometimes a mistake was made, and two officials would attempt to enter it at the same hour, when a few oaths would be indulged in, but matters would generally assume their equilibrium without more damage than a little smoke. It was in this room where the pretty "lady" lobbyists usually assembled to get their instructions from Brady & Co. It was there they were told just how many blandishments to bestow on this or that congressman.

A Senator or a member whose vote was indispensable, and whose opposition would do harm, would have to be placated at any cost, even if it became necessary for a pretty Treasury girl to carry him to Baltimore and insure him a *nice* time. It would fill a volume of larger dimensions than this to recount all the dark and subtle ways resorted to by Brady & Co. to blind the eyes of Hayes, John Sherman, and the American Congress, and thus permit them to practise their filchings from the Treasury. Money, women, and wine were the strong levers they employed to pry open the doors of the Treasury, and the success which attended their efforts has long since become known to every household in the land. Not only did they still the voice of opposition in Congress, but they actually entered the market and bought up every daily newspaper in Washington worth buying, except the EVENING STAR. That paper did not sell out, simply because they could not get the price demanded.

In concluding this chapter, it may not be uninteresting to relate the sharp practice resorted to by the aforesaid financial agent to pass the star route deficiency bill in June, 1880. A previous effort had been made, which failed in the House for the lack of six votes. The star service thieves were disconcerted. Every congressman who could with safety be approached had been bribed to vote for its passage, and still they were just six votes short. The prolific brain of Dorsey was equal to the emergency, and he directed his agent to resort to the following subterfuge: With the greatest caution he approached the respective *best* friends of Tilden, Bayard, Hendricks, McDonald, and Pendleton, and promised each of them in detail that if they would aid him to get the deficiency bill through the House, he would see to it that a goodly portion of the star service money would be used to nominate their respective favorites at Cincinnati. It was a trick which would have been creditable to the brain of a Philadelphia lawyer, and showed that Dorsey had not lost any of his early New England training. When the bill came up on its second attempt at passage, it went through the House with a rush, so potent was the proffered offer of star service gold. When the convention at Cincinnati assembled, Brady's financial agent was on hand with $150,000 of star service money, but he did not use it in a single instance as promised. To the surprise of

the old political stagers, he used it lavishly in the interest of Hancock. When the financial agent of the sage of Gramercy Park found out what was on the *tapis*, he mourned and refused to be comforted. As soon as the seedy, needy delegates ascertained that there was money on the ground other than Tilden's, they threw up their hands with joy and hurrahed themselves hoarse for the "superb soldier." Tilden's friends were indignant, and would have created a first-class scandal had not wiser counsels prevailed and the matter been hushed up.

During the campaign of 1880 Dorsey, Brady & Co. furnished money to both the Democratic and Republican National Committees, so as to have two strings to their bow. Indeed, it has been hinted that Garfield was early apprised of their *Janus*-faced game, which necessitated his inditing that letter to "My Dear Hubbell," in which he desired to know "*how Brady & Co. and the Departments were doing;*" meaning thereby whether they were subscribing liberally to the Republican campaign fund.

But the average reader will tire of reading the particulars of this gigantic swindle, which, for boldness of conception and audacity of execution, takes rank among the boldest designs to rob the Federal Treasury of which the oldest denizens have any record. Although whitewashed by a Washington jury, the guilt of the star service crowd will never be doubted by all honest Americans.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHITELAW REID IN THE TOILS OF THE LAW.

HOW HE APPEARED AND ACTED WHEN ARRESTED AT THE ARLINGTON HOTEL ON JANUARY 18TH, 1875.

It is not generally known, but it is nevertheless true, that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, at present the editor of the New York Tribune, and then editorially connected with that journal, was indicted by the grand jury of the District of Columbia, and subsequently arrested thereon at the Arlington Hotel, in Washington, by a detective of the name of McElfresh. The following is the presentment of the grand jury:

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,
County of Washington, } *to wit:*

The grand jurors of the United States for the county aforesaid, do, upon their oath, present Whitelaw Reid for libel against or upon Alexander R. Shepherd, to wit: "If justice in the District were not a mockery and law a nullity, the vice-president of the Board of Public Works, who, while extricating himself from financial difficulties, has brought bankruptcy upon the District, would be promptly arrested and punished for his crimes instead of being allowed to visit Vienna on a pleasure excursion," the said libel being published in form of a newspaper article, on or about the 17th day of April, A. D. 1873, on evidence of A. R. Shepherd.

W. M. GALT, *Foreman.*

Mr. Reid and his friends were especially anxious to suppress the matter, the particulars of which are here for the first time given.

At that time A. R. Shepherd and the alleged District of Columbia ring were holding high carnival, and were so profligate in expenditures of district moneys as to induce Mr. Reid to assail them in his newspaper. Mr. Shepherd had a friend on the grand jury of the name of Galt, the foreman thereof, who had enjoyed many lucrative flour contracts, and he experienced no difficulty in securing Reid's indictment. At that time Judge Fisher was the nominal head of the District Attorney's office, but the actual spirit of the movement against Reid was Harrington, of safe-burglary notoriety. Although Reid was indicted on the 17th of April, 1873, he was not arrested until the 18th of January, 1875. The indictment had been

most secretly obtained, and Shepherd & Co. quietly bided their time until such occasion as Reid would make his appearance at Washington. At the above time he came on to Washington to attend a swell ball, and occupied the most elegant suite of rooms at the Arlington. The notorious Harrington soon became acquainted with the fact of Reid's arrival, and at 8 o'clock P. M. he ordered McElfresh to accompany him around to that hotel. The former stationed himself in a passage near enough to hear all that passed, while the latter, armed with Judge Snell's warrant, "gently tapped" at Reid's "chamber door." "Who is there," demanded Reid. "Open the door," replied McElfresh, "I am an officer of the Metropolitan police, and have a warrant for your arrest." "You are mistaken in the man," said Reid, "My name is Philips, and I am from Kansas. I have never been here before, and I am sure I have infracted none of your laws, and you must be looking for some one else."

McElfresh. "I know you, sir, to be Whitelaw Reid, and I hope you will not parley further, but come out and quietly submit to arrest, and thus save me from the unpleasant duty of employing force."

When Reid found that he could not escape by any subterfuge, he walked out of his room. He was neatly attired in full evening dress, wore the regulation dress coat and white kids. "What an outrage!" he exclaimed. "To think that a gentleman cannot visit the nation's capital on business or for pleasure without being molested by plebians after the manner of Shepherd." Turning to Harrington, he added: "Can't you excuse me until to-morrow, and allow me to attend the ball at Mr. Blaine's to-night? I will put up any amount of collateral you require, and will appear before the police court to-morrow."

But Harrington was inexorable, and insisted that McElfresh take his prisoner to jail. Meanwhile some one standing near got wind of the affair and lost no time in sending for a lawyer, and in also informing W. W. Corcoran and S. H. Kaufmann, who hurried to Judge Snell's residence, signed their names to Reid's appearance bond, and kept him from spending a night in jail, thus permitting him to attend the swell party at Mr. Blaine's.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST HON. C. A. DANA.

Between 1870 and 1872 Hon. Charles A. Dana proved a thorn in the flanks of the corrupt District of Columbia ring. Wielding a scathing pen, he soon drove the corruptionists of Washington to bay. That was in the "era of good stealing," when the South was at the mercy of the carpet-baggers, and the good denizens of Washington were faring almost as bad. Sargeant's House committee was investigating the District "ring," and Mr. Dana had been summoned to Washington to testify regarding certain charges made in The Sun. Shepherd & Co. felicitated themselves with the thought that as Dana was in Washington they could humiliate him by securing his arrest before his departure. At this juncture Col. W. P. Wood, one of the most remarkable men of his times, determined to thwart the conspirators and protect Mr. Dana during his sojourn in the Federal city. I will remark here that while Wood has for years boldly assailed all classes of "crooked" characters, from the petty adventurer to the libidinous congressman, who despise but fear him, yet such is his exalted character and high integrity that none of them have ever attempted to retaliate upon him through the press or otherwise. He appears to know the antecedents of all public men. He certainly was familiar with those of Robeson, Williams, and Boutwell. Therefore, as soon as those officials found out that Wood was championing Dana's cause, they abandoned the idea of arresting the great editor, at least until Wood could be gotten out of the city.

The next step was to get Wood away. To that end they employed the services of one General Krzyzanowski, an acquaintance of Wood's in whom Wood took some interest. Krzyzanowski had been collector at Savannah, Georgia, whose maladministration had not only caused his dismissal from the service, but had caused certain Treasury officials to insist upon the retention of his salary, and its being covered into the Treasury. To save his family from financial ruin, and as a further inducement to get Wood out of Washington, Krzyzanowski promised to make a complete exposure of carpet-bag rascalities in that State, with which he was familiar. Being cognizant of Wood's antipathy to the carpet-bag confraternity, he employed this ruse to get him away, and succeeded. Before Wood left, however, he called on Attorney-General Lan-

daulet Williams and Secretary Boutwell to know if the offences of Krzyzanowski would be condoned, and all moneys claimed by him for salary, &c., would be paid him, provided he furnished the evidence against his thieving contemporaries. They also assured Wood in the most positive terms that no detriment should occur to Mr. Dana during his (Wood's) absence.

With that explicit understanding, Wood and the Pole left for Georgia. One J. O. M., acting in the interest of the White House ring, lost no time in causing Mr. Dana to be apprised of Wood's departure. Whereupon Mr. Dana became alarmed, and hurriedly departed for New York. Meanwhile the Metropolitan police detectives telegraphed to confederates in Philadelphia, who arrested him as he passed through that city, as prearranged by Shepherd, Robeson & Co. When Wood returned he insisted that Boutwell and Williams act in good faith and carry out the agreement entered into with Krzyzanowski. At first they demurred, as the case against the Pole was a strong one, but Wood badgered them into acquiescence, and Krzyzanowski not only got all he claimed against the Government, but has since been permitted to hold a most lucrative special agency under the Treasury Department, with headquarters at Aspinwall. Wood was a great admirer of Mr. Dana, and his indignation knew no bounds when he discovered the ruse by which he had been sent to Georgia, and he determined to retaliate. The effective manner in which he exposed the Shepherd-Harrington-Robeson safe burglary conspiracy, driving the participants out of office and into disgrace, and the vigor with which he has pursued those who engineered the conspiracy against Mr. Dana, show that he deserves the appellation of "terror to evildoers." I must not omit to add that the carpet-bag knaves in Georgia who were exposed by Krzyzanowski, which exposure was the basis upon which immunity and pardon were granted Krzyzanowski by Boutwell and Williams, have been fished up by Arthur from the caves of obscurity, and are once more saddled upon the Treasury of the United States. But they carried out their part of the bargain entered into with Frank Hatton and Chandler, and voted for Arthur at Chicago. It will devolve upon Mr. Cleveland to see to it that these men do not fleece the Government in 1885 as they are alleged by Krzyzanowski to have done in 1871, 1872, 1873, and 1874.

Such was the conspiracy against Mr. Dana—a public man who served the nation faithfully in war, and whose pen has since done more to give the American people good government than all other agencies combined.

HOW THE SUN GOT POSSESSION OF THE CREDIT MOBILIER PAPERS.

The narrative of the manner in which Mr. Dana, of The Sun, got possession of the Credit Mobilier correspondence is simple, and it is here given to the public for the first time. Col. W. P. Wood was waited upon one evening by an elegantly-dressed matron from Philadelphia, the wife of one of the foremost men in the Republican party of the Keystone State at that time. She appeared highly indignant, and her large eyes flashed almost as continuously as did the diamonds that sparkled on her breast. She was accompanied by her coachman, and in the most matter-of-fact way informed Wood that she had been subjected to numerous indignities by the wives of certain rival society magnates, and that she had determined to throw a shell into their midst that would utterly demolish all of their ambitions for the future. In short, she stated that she could possess herself of all the *Credit Mobilier* correspondence, which she was willing to deliver to Wood during the next forty-eight hours, to be by him handed to Dr. Greeley, of the New York Tribune, for publication in that paper. Wood promised to faithfully carry out her wishes, and she bowed herself out of the presence of the great detective.

That night at 10 o'clock Wood left for New York. The next morning he appeared before Mr. Greeley and stated that he proposed to turn the correspondence over to him the next night. Mr. Greeley, then suffering from the buzz of the Presidential bee, was in great delight, and rolled the forthcoming *exposés* as he would a sweet morsel, &c. Generous to a fault, he told Wood that he would hand him $1,000 as soon as the papers were placed in his hands. Wood returned to Philadelphia as per appointment with the aforesaid distinguished matron, when he met her and received the whole batch of evidence which was destined to wreck so many reputations and bring disgrace to the thresholds of numerous "Christian statesmen." Wood returned to New York and called at Dr. Greeley's office, but he had left the city on urgent business. He then

called on Whitelaw Reid, offered him the papers, and demanded the $1,000 offered for them by Greeley. But Reid, characteristic of his *genus*, began to parley as to the genuineness of the correspondence. Wood quietly put the papers into his pocket and took them to Mr. Dana, who gladly enough published them in The Sun. When Dr. Greeley returned and learned how Reid had neglected to take in so good a thing in the journalistic way, he became indignant, and knowing ones declare that for months Reid was on the "ragged edge" of despair, not knowing how soon he would be dismissed from the paper. It was in this way that the *Credit Mobilier* conspiracy was laid bare, and the nation's councils relieved of the presence of the most corrupt set of men, who did all in their power to drag a great party down to despair and defeat

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE QUINTESCENCE OF MACHINE POLITICS.

ONE OF THE METHODS RESORTED TO BY PRESIDENT GARFIELD TO SECURE THE CONFIRMATION OF JIM BLAINE'S FRIEND ROBERTSON AS COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS AT NEW YORK—JOBBERY IN HIGH PLACES, ETC.

If laymen knew the dickerings and traffickings that go on between men holding high places, they would indeed be surprised. Unfortunately, the public never place the correct estimate upon their exalted servants. Take the case of Garfield, for instance. In the estimation of the public, he is regarded as a saint, a noble-minded patriot, whose every aspiration soared heavenward. In the estimation of many Washington people, who knew his habits and antecedents, he was not only regarded as not being the least bit of a "Joseph," but was reckoned as a politician always ready for a trade, regardless of the means employed to accomplish the desired ends.

When Garfield's *premier*, Blaine, resolved to make his war on Conkling, and thus retaliate on that gentleman, one of his first arbitrary acts was to appoint Robertson collector of customs at New York. Garfield and Blaine had "sounded" the Senators, and knew just how many Democratic votes they had to obtain to secure his confirmation. The votes of such Senators as the Camerons, General Logan, and others, were deemed uncertain quantities in the pending emergency, and it became necessary for them to dicker with the opposition. One of the Democratic Senators whom Garfield captured with patronage was Senator Brown, of Georgia. That gentleman was not only anxious to add fuel to the flames of Republican discontent, but he also desired to control a little patronage. Among other appointments conferred upon his friends was the following: Brown brought on to Washington a young, red-eyed "Sheeney," whom we will call Byers. This fellow is a native of Augusta, Georgia, where his forefathers were engaged in the "clothing" business. At first Brown concluded to make him his private secretary, but a trial of a few weeks convinced him that he was better fitted to run a pool-table, or act as bottle-washer in a bar-

room, provided the liquors were kept beyond his reach. So when Garfield offered Brown, in consideration of his vote for Robertson, "anything he wanted," the Georgia Senator at once bethought him of Byers, and secured an order on Secretary Windom for his appointment to a first-class clerkship in the Treasury Department. This "Sheeney" might have been seen any day about the lobby of Willard's Hotel, and rarely, if ever, went near the Treasury Department save on pay-days. He was known as one of the "uptown rowdies," and, to sum him up, he was a disgrace to the service. And this incompetent and disreputable fellow was permitted to draw $1,200 annually from the Federal Treasury simply because he was a *protégé* of a United States Senator, whose vote was needed by Arthur & Co. Arthur's administration could not rely on the support of such Senators as Logan, Hill, and others, and so it was driven to the disgraceful necessity of trafficking with the opposition. Perhaps the true history of the methods resorted to by Garfield and Blaine in their war upon Roscoe Conkling will never be known, because it is to the interest of the living to suppress the details, but enough is known to warrant the opinion that, had wiser counsels prevailed in Republican circles, the crazy-brained Guiteau would not have stepped to the front, filling the land with mourning and regret.

In speaking of Guiteau I should not omit to refer to the wonderful accuracy of all of his prophecies. During his trial the lunatic distinctly told Corkhill that he would soon be dismissed from office by Arthur. Turning to one of the Government counsel for the prosecution, he railed out: "I tell you, sir, that in less than a twelve-month such will be your remorse of conscience that you will almost daily be seen staggering in the streets of Washington." He told the jury that if they convicted "God's man" disaster and death would overtake them. He also prophesied that Judge Cox would invite Divine wrath because of his unjust rulings. Every one of these prophecies were fulfilled. Corkhill, or Corkhead, more appropriately speaking, was incontinently "bounced" by Arthur, and was recently placed in jeopardy at Willard's Hotel by an ex-army officer. Such have been his strides in the direction of Salt river that there are now none ready to sing his praises. Three of the jury are confined in lunatic asylums, and two others

have failed in business. One of the Government counsel is often seen reeling on the streets from the effects of whiskey, and it has not been six months since a hotel belonging to Judge Cox, in consequence of the grossest indifference and neglect, fell to the ground, killing several obscure people. I must not omit to add that the judge, jury, and lawyers all knew that Guiteau was a lunatic. But the whole power of Arthur and his friends was employed in the effort to establish a contrary decision, because they feared that if Guiteau was judged an insane person it would have been charged that the conduct of Conkling, Arthur, and Gorham so preyed upon his distorted intellect as to induce him to "remove" Garfield. There are thousands of intelligent people in the country who believe that John Wilkes Booth still lives, and is the El Mahdi, or the False Prophet of the Soudan, and an equally large number believe that Guiteau was a lunatic, whose proper place was in an asylum and not in the clutches of Crocker's hangman. But I have digressed. The machine politicians about Washington have been a disgrace to the country. Claiming for themselves extraordinary prerogatives, they infested the White House and the Departments. While a gentleman of character would have to dance attendance in an ante-room, your machine politician, having a *carte blanche*, would walk right in and demand and receive what he desired. And such a scurvy set of fellows they were, too. The morally halt, lame, and blind congregated from the four sections, flocked about the Washington Departments, and deported themselves in a manner calculated to create the impression that they regarded a day of reckoning as being very far off. Like the true bird of prey, their olfactories could scent a job however well concealed. The ability of these fellows to compromise the Ottman case, and thus rob the Government out of twenty or thirty thousand dollars, shows how adept they are in such questionable methods. The men who engineered this swindle were George Bliss and a political *cadaver* of New York, named Crowley.

I don't think I would be in error were I to state that not a single purchase or contract has been made or entered into within the past fifteen years or longer that was not predicated upon fraud. The old device in George B. McCartee's time of "water-proofing" the Federal currency, whereby over $100,000 were abstracted from

the Treasury, was a specimen brick of that class of jobs. The so-called water-proofing process was a swindle, and money could not have been more dishonestly taken from the Treasury had its coffers been assailed by professional burglars. In the purchase of sites for public buildings there has always been the lowest species of jobbery. The location of the bureau of engraving and printing was selected because it was the desire of a villanous ring to enhance the value of property in that portion of South Washington. For sanitary reasons and for security against thieves no more unfavorable locality in Washington could have been selected. Twenty-five or thirty armed burglars could expeditiously raid that caravansary and bear off millions of dollars of securities. It has also been charged that the bill for the construction of the new money order office was lobbied through Congress by a man who was thus favored because of his supposed influence with certain Southern Senators.

Indeed, I do not know of but one Department of the Government that has been honestly and efficiently administered, and that is the Government Printing Office. This happy exception is owing to the fact that the Public Printer, Mr. Rounds, is in no sense a politician, but a business man of sterling integrity. I have heard members of Congress complain that they could not get Rounds to give their henchmen places, while he would charitably afford employment to the poor who had no congressmen to endorse their applications.

If Mr. Rounds would dismiss a few of the so-called "bosses" under him, who make their employés do their private work, he would reform the only abuse which is alleged to prevail at his establishment. In all other respects the Government Printing Office is a model of accuracy, economy, and industry. I know it will be charged that I have shown up these abuses because I was not given a share in the above-enumerated "steal." Such accusations will be false, and will be so known to the creatures who make them. I will pay $100 to any man who will confront me and even charge that I ever solicited a "divy" in any contract or job, or ever attempted in any way to influence legislation in Washington. As a matter of fact, I have too little respect for thieves to mingle with them, and the only reason why they have not long since been pilloried in the public press, through the agency of my pen, was

because I knew that such abuses could not be remedied as long as the stream was corrupt at the source from whence power eminated—the White House.

In concluding this chapter I shall refer to

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT,

from whence the worthless seeds and bulbs are disseminated. Like most of the public employments, it is predicated upon jobbery. Through a knavish set of so-called special agents its purchases of seeds, &c., are made. It was openly charged in a leading Washington paper a few years ago that the tomato seeds sent out from that unsavory establishment were obtained from a tomato canning establishment near Baltimore, while the pumpkin seeds were brought from a pumpkin-pie factory near Boston. Certain it is that all the pumpkin and tomato seeds sent out within the past three years were worthless for germinating purposes. The country has not forgotten how the fellow LeDuc spent ten thousand dollars per annum in a futile effort to locate a tea farm near Charleston, S. C. This farm was established in the midst of a pine barren too unprolific to grow even wire grass.

A few sickly tea plants are all that remain to show LeDuc's folly in attempting to make the tea plant grow in the South. With a great flourish of trumpets this *creature* made a tour of inspection of his "tea grove" in 1879, and so great a curiosity was he regarded that the natives turned out in large numbers to gaze upon the amount of asininity embodied in his make-up. A citizen of Summerville, S. C., in the vicinity of this specimen of LeDuc's folly, relates with great gusto how one of the old aristocracy complained that the tea farm was inaccessible because of the presence of an impassible fish pond.

"I shall build an iron bridge over the pond," exclaimed LeDuc, to the astonishment of his rural listeners, who at once commenced to calculate how much good such an expenditure would do in their midst if devoted to the purchase of such commonplace articles as corn and bacon.

Usually from December until May two or three hundred men and young girls are crowded into little rooms, where their employment consists in tying up and addressing packages of worthless seeds.

But, true to the reigning and all-potent idea of "influence," no one can gain admission to the rolls unless backed up by one or more congressmen. Many men and women, too notorious to be employed in the Departments, are here saddled upon the Treasury, and receive in salaries and for labor, hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. Take this establishment all in all, it is a national nuisance of such herculean dimensions as to call loudly for abatement. One dozen industrious men superintended by a competent head could easily perform all the work now being indifferently done by scores of idle retainers and hangers-on, if not worse, of congressmen and Cabinet officers.

To that end, Carman, the chief clerk, should be granted a perpetual leave of absence, as he will prove a barrier to any attempt to reorganize the establishment upon business principles. The time has at last arrived when lascivious officials will no longer be permitted to saddle their mistresses upon the Government. Such men should be required to put their hands into their pockets and support their favorites, which is far more manly and honorable than the system so long in vogue under the Radical *regime*. This agricultural excrescence smells to high heaven, and is a nuisance which honesty and decency demand should be very soon abated.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHERMAN'S METHODS IN 1880.

HOW HE VAINLY ENDEAVORED TO USE HIS OFFICE AS SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY TO BOOST HIMSELF INTO THE PRESIDENCY—HIS BUREAU CHIEFS HIS ALLEGED SUPPLE TOOLS TO PAY THE EXPENSES OF HIS CANVASS FROM THE NATIONAL COFFERS.

In January, 1876, John Sherman wrote a letter to a friend in Ohio, in which he suggested the name of R. B. Hayes as an available man for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. That was the first time that the colossal "Fraud's" name was ever mentioned in connection with that high office. When the Republican Convention assembled in the following July the opponents of Blaine all united, and the "Ohio deacon" bore off the palm. Hayes was regarded as a third-rate man in his native State. No one ever accused him of possessing ability, and he did not possess the merit of being considered even a clever country lawyer. The country knows how he was elevated to the highest office in the gift of the people by means of perjury and fraudulent returning boards, supplemented by the efforts of such men as Mad. Wells, Anderson, and the notorious Eliza Pinkton. It was natural that so small a man as Hayes should have organized his Cabinet of material in which the alleged knave and fool would predominate. Among the alleged knaves may be mentioned John Sherman, and Key furnished "fool" enough for a dozen Cabinets.

Hayes' administration was scarcely under way before several members of his Cabinet began aspiring for the Presidential succession. His Secretary of War, McCreary, became the victim of a number of small and scurvy politicians, who puffed the little fellow up with the idea that the "lightning" would strike him, and during the whole of the winter of 1878–'79 his office was filled with second-rate Radical politicians, who drank his liquor and swore that he was the greatest man in the Hayes Cabinet. This happy state of affairs was brought to a close when it was found that his principal political striker, an unsavory Oregon politician, was selling appointments in the War Department. It was with great

effort that McCreary suppressed the scandal, but not until the particulars had been published in the Baltimore Gazette and other papers by that honest, able, and courageous journalist, Samuel P. Butler. So thoroughly disgusted did McCreary become that he retired from the Cabinet, leaving the field to the unscrupulous Sherman.

In this connection it may be in order to relate an episode that occurred in 1879. In the early part of that year Judge Kenneth Rayner, decidedly the ablest member of the Hayes *regime*, prepared an elaborate article for the North American Review in defence of the administration. The article was a masterpiece of composition, as might have been expected from the pen of its distinguished author. Judge Rayner showed the article to Hayes and each of the Cabinet, all of whom were delighted with it, with the exception of Evarts, who complainingly stated that it made John Sherman the greatest man in the Cabinet. From that hour there was a split in the Hayes household. The quarrel waxed warm, the result being that Judge Rayner was requested to suppress his article, which he readily did, as he had no respect whatever for Hayes or his Cabinet, and only wrote the article to curry a little favor with them, and thus prevent the rascally Treasury ring from securing his dismissal. As a matter of fact, Judge Rayner told me that Sherman begged him to write the article, urging that it be made strong enough to aid his Presidential aspirations.

In January, 1880, Sherman entered the field in earnest as a candidate. The various collectors of customs and of the internal revenue were impressed into his service. His agents swarmed through the South, and worked up the Sherman "boom" with a vim. Money from the Federal Treasury was freely used to bolster up his pretensions. The notorious Lamphere, chief of the appointment division, was especially busy in Sherman's behalf. It was during that time that Lamphere considered himself so solid with Sherman that he published the famous or infamous "Lamphere Book"—a production that enjoyed the sole distinction of emanating from the brains of an hundred different people. Lamphere issued an order requiring the chief clerks of the various bureaus under the Government to furnish him a history of their respective offices. He bundled them together and made the book,

which he sold through truculent Federal officers, notably at the South. But to recur to Sherman's agents.

The expenses of these men were paid in various ways, the most conspicuous being through the office of Henry C. Johnson, the figure-head commissioner of customs. In that bureau there is an appropriation clause known as "The Expense of Collecting the Revenue from Customs." It was and still is an *omnibus* arrangement quite broad enough to cover many spacious expenditures. Nobody knows this better than Deputy Lockwood, because he could always "scent" a fraudulent account, which he would refuse to approve, throwing the responsibility on the aforementioned figure-head.

The vouchers for these various accounts are in the possession of the disbursing clerks, and should at once be brought to the notice of the grand jury. When they are brought to light the country will then know who among the Treasury clerks were improvised to aid Sherman, and how they fared sumptuously every day at the expense of the Treasury while working up his boom. It will also learn whether they were legally or fraudulently paid for such service. The alleged frauds were perpetrated in about this wise: When a clerk was wanted for special Sherman work in a particular State he was at once assigned by Lamphere to Commissioner H. C. Johnson's office, who would order him away to the field of his political labors. At the end of each month these clerks would present vouchers for their railroad and hotel bills, which Johnson would approve. These vouchers amounted to never less than $200 per month, which, added to their salaries, furnished quite a handsome sum. Under the rule of the Treasury, a clerk on special detail is allowed $1.00 each for his meals. An economical fellow would breakfast, dine, and sup at 25-cent establishments, and charge up the full amount against the Government, the difference they would pocket being a clear steal. It is safe to assert that there are at least a hundred such accounts in the Treasury, and they cannot be investigated a minute too soon. When this investigation is had several bureau chiefs will come to grief. At least four of them will be found to have been steeped to their eyelids in villanous practices, so freely resorted to to make the Federal Treasury pay the expenses of John Sherman's Presidential ambitions.

The country is somewhat familiar with Pitney's peculations; it has heard how Sherman's headquarters in the Corcoran building was supplied with paper, furniture, pictures, &c., all of which were paid for on false vouchers as boxes of candles, barrels of bay rum, &c., but it will be astounded when all the facts are brought out and the calcium light of investigation is thrown upon those disreputable bureau chiefs who were willing to risk the penitentiary in their zeal to serve their master, John Sherman.

But after all of Sherman's dishonest efforts he failed to have even a respectable following at the Chicago Convention. The class of *black and tan* Southern carpet-baggers and scalawags that he depended upon deserted his fortunes after spending his money. They rode to Chicago in his drawing-room cars, drank his liquors, and smoked his cigars; but when Don Cameron and Wm. E. Chandler came to the front with the Grant and Blaine corruption funds, poor Sherman's following disappeared like snow before a July sun.

To show how infinitesimally small a man Sherman is, I will relate the following circumstance: In the spring of 1880 Reuben S. Smith, a Florida politician, was a clerk in the 2nd auditor's office. Sherman heard that he possessed influence with the negroes at home and sent him to that State to try and have himself elected a delegate to the National Convention. Smith succeeded and returned to Washington with his credentials. Sherman was exceeding glad, and permitted Smith to put his legs under his mahogany. He moreover gave Smith a check on Riggs & Co., of Washington, for the pitiful sum of $100. Smith had spent perhaps three times that sum in his election as a delegate, but the close-fisted Sherman would only reimburse him to the extent of one-third of the amount. But that is not all. Sherman actually made Smith return the $100 check after the convention adjourned. The way that happened was this: Smith had the check in his pocket and carelessly left it among some papers on a table at the Palmer House in Chicago. Some scurvy politician got possession of it and tarried not until he had placed it in the possession of Dr. W. W. Hicks, a Florida carpet-bagger. Hicks hied him to a photographer, had five hundred copies of it made, when he approached Smith and commanded him to vote for Grant on every ballot, threatening to distribute

them in the convention if Smith refused to do so. Smith concluded to do as commanded, thus saving Sherman from the threatened exposure of his $100 check. On Smith's return to Washington Sherman waxed wroth and demanded the return of the check. This Dr. Hicks is now a pulpit orator in Washington, but poor Smith will never cease to denounce him for the manner in which he made him lose his $100 check. Is there another man in the United States mean enough to take a $100 check back from a darkey under such circumstances? It is the duty of Congress to open up this entire matter, to the end that the country may know all of the particulars of the raid upon the Federal Treasury in the interest of Sherman's candidacy for the Presidential nomination in 1880.

I cannot better close this chapter than by relating the following anecdote on the aforesaid figure-head, Commissioner H. C. Johnson: This old pub. func. was sailing between Scylla and Charybdis during Sherman's candidacy. As the pliant tool of Don Cameron, he was in reality for Grant, but, holding office under Sherman, he had to pretend to be a warm supporter of that individual. How often Johnson must have exclaimed, "*How happy I'd be with either were t'other dear charmer away!*" On one side of him was Cameron, demanding his support of Grant, while Sherman, his immediate "boss," expected his support. The result was that Johnson, day after day, used his clerks to distribute Sherman literature and lithographic likenesses of him through the mails, and on many occasions approved expense vouchers of Treasury clerks who had been doing Sherman's political work, while in reality he was a strong Grant man. It is a standing joke with the clerks in Johnson's office that the trials and tribulations of that short but spirited canvass so preyed upon the old fossil's mind that he must have lost fifty pounds of flesh; and they assert that had the excitement lasted six months longer he would have become as spare as a fence-rail. The office of the commissioner of customs is a veritable Augean stable, and many of the present occupants should be remanded to the shades of obscurity. Deputy Lockwood claims that he is a necessity, but it will be demonstrated in less than six months that his dismissal will not clog the wheels of the Government.

Let me offer the administration the following piece of advice: There are scores of officials who, like Lockwood, regard themselves

as necessities to the Government. The names of all such self-opinionated characters should be collected and their dismissal accomplished at one fell swoop. If the death or absconding of any one of them is to clog the wheels of Government, the better plan would be to dispense with their united services at once, and thus avert the menacing danger to the Republic from having such a valuable set of officers on its rolls. Surely these men do not hope to spend a lifetime at the Federal trough. H. A. Lockwood, for instance, entered the Treasury Department twenty-eight years ago. He is reputed to be rich, and a regard for the decencies and amenities of life should prompt him to give way to some less fortunate brother, who may be allowed a chance to lay up something for a rainy day. Moreover, Lockwood always freely contributed to the Republican campaign committees, and he should not demur if the Secretary of the Treasury determined that such action is a violation of both the letter and the spirit of the civil service law.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BOGUS WEIL CLAIM.

A PARTIALLY SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT BY ADVENTURERS TO ROB THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT OF A LARGE AMOUNT OF MONEY.

In one of his philippics, delivered in the United States Senate, Charles Sumner uttered the following trite sentence:

"Next to an outright mercenary, commend me to a lawyer to betray a great cause."

The great orator must have had the average Washington lawyer in his mind's eye when he gave utterance to that eloquent sentence. It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless true, that Washington city possesses more knavish lawyers than the entire country can produce. They naturally gather at the National Capital, because of the fine chances for making money easily through the facilities afforded by raids on the Federal Treasury. As a rule these lawyers were failures in their respective States, or, detected in sharp and unprofessional practices, they found themselves tabooed in society, and so located at Washington, thus swelling the number who must necessarily draw their sustenance directly or indirectly from the nation's strong-box.

The average Washington lawyer, like his prototype in the States, has a keen eye for business. He is ignorant of professional ethics, and will devour one of his kind as readily as he would a layman. Like the soaring eagle, he perches himself on a high eminence and scoops down upon any one who attempts to bear off a prize. Is a large claim about to be paid from the Treasury? Then our lawyer instantly applies for a *restraining injunction*, and blocks the lucky (?) claimant's efforts until he agrees to a fair "divy." He has in his employ a certain class of unprincipled creatures who dub themselves "detectives." These vermin are employed to furnish evidence in divorce cases, to train witnesses, etc. A first-class Washington lawyer is supplied with from one to a half dozen of these villanous appendages, and many have been the reputations that they have ruined. As a rule, the less equity there is in a claim against the Government the greater the certainty of its being allowed, provided the amount be large enough to "go all around."

A claim for a small amount, no matter how just it may be, is doomed to be pigeon-holed, and sleep the sleep that knows no waking. One of the most unblushing attempts to rob a government on friendly relations with the United States was that concocted by a set of Washington lawyers, whose knavery as displayed in its management is proof conclusive that their proper places would be as gazers through iron bars. The case alluded to is that of Weil *versus* Mexico. This man Weil was an adventurous Texan, who claimed that in 1864 a marauding band of Mexican soldiers, commanded by General Cortinas, took away from him by force of arms one hundred wagon-loads of cotton. He claimed that each wagon contained eight bales of cotton, and was drawn by four mules, worth $200 each. The wagons were valued at $300 each, making a grand total of $260,000, for cotton, wagons, and mules. Weil was an ignorant fellow, but he was prepossessing in appearance, and experienced no difficulty in retaining lawyers in New Orleans and Washington city to prosecute his fraudulent demands against the effete Mexicans. Under a treaty stipulation this claim was referred to a board of arbitration, of which Sir Edward Thornton, late minister plenipotentiary from England to the United States, was a member. One of Weil's lawyers was Judge Key, of Georgetown, D. C.

In due time the case was presented on its merits for the consideration of the high board of arbitration. Dozens of affidavits were presented, showing that Weil lost the cotton, wagons, and mules as alleged in his declaration. Of course the claim was seemingly so thoroughly established that the board awarded Weil the $260,000 which he demanded. About two weeks after the award was made four men appeared one day before Sir Edward and informed him that they were the affiants in the Weil claim case, and furthermore that their affidavits were false and fraudulent. They stated that they had never been in Texas, but were from New York, where Weil had found them, proffering to pay them $1,000 each if they would agree to bolster up his fraudulent claim, which they stated he had failed to do. Sir Edward lost no time in taking the four men before Mr. Evarts, then Secretary of State, who required them to make counter-affidavits setting forth the manner in which they had been connected with the case. Mr. Evarts thereupon refused to pay over to the claimant's lawyers the first instalment

of the award, amounting to $60,000. He felicitated himself upon the thought that he would be able to baffle the conspirators and thus prevent the poor Mexicans from being robbed of the $260,000. Señor Romero, the Mexican Minister at Washington, lost no time in imparting the good news to the home government. But the wily lawyers in the case set themselves industriously to work to capture, at least, the first award of $60,000. To that end they retained the services of an ex-governor of Ohio who possessed great influence over President Hayes. In 1878, during a junketing tour of Secretary Evarts, this ex-governor journeyed all the way to Fremont, Ohio, where Hayes was also resting from his arduous labors. He induced Hayes to direct Hay, the Acting Secretary of State, to pay the award of $60,000, then due on the bogus Weil claim, which was promptly done. The lawyers in the case gobbled up the entire amount, not giving a dollar to Weil's widow, then and now in great poverty. On the return of Mr. Evarts to Washington he was astounded when informed of what had been done. Of course he could say nothing, as the act was performed on the written authority of the President.

An attempt was made to suppress the matter and keep the disgusting details out of the press, but a portion of the facts leaked out and appeared in the Washington Post in March, 1881. There was no excuse for this blunder on the part of Hayes. He had no right to order a payment made in the State Department, or any other branch of the Government, during the absence therefrom of the Secretary. This, like a great many other infractions of honesty, has been overlooked. It would have resulted in a congressional investigation at the time, but Hayes had all of the Democratic Senators and members bought up with Federal patronage, and of course the Republicans were not anxious to stir up a scandal to injure their own party.

As a matter of equity the United States should return to the Mexican Government the $60,000 which Hayes so irregularly ordered Hay to pay over to the fraudulent claimants.

Considering the worthlessness of the claim, the plausible manner in which it was bolstered up by manufactured affidavits, and the fact that the President of the United States was a party to the transaction, makes the noted case of Weil *vs.* Mexico one of the most barefaced swindles ever put through the State Department at Washington.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOILS."

THE CLASS OF MEN WHO ARE TRYING TO CONTROL THE POLICY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

It is manifest that the "Mugwump" confraternity are making herculean efforts to control the Democratic party, and run it henceforth in the particular groove designated by them. These fellows are destined to make the Democratic leaders glad twice—when they entered the party and when they take themselves out of it. They are a canting, hypocritical set, as destitute of common sense as they are of character. They belong to the old crew who railed out against the South, and did all they could to degrade her. True, they did not possess the necessary courage to risk their lives on the battle-field, but they cowered afar off, and by pen and speech incited the rabble to lay waste her fair fields. They affect to be great friends of the colored race, but no one has ever yet heard of any substantial aid they ever gave that people. They remind one of the priest in the fable who administered a blessing, but refused a half penny. Foremost among this crew are Carl Schurz, Geo. Wm. Curtis, and "Chet." Arthur. True, Arthur was not always regarded as a civil service reformer; for I have an indistinct recollection how Hayes and John Sherman, aided by one Robinson, assistant solicitor of the Treasury, incontinently "bounced" him from the New York custom-house because of his dishonest methods of administration of that responsible trust. In speaking of Arthur to a crowd of politicians at the Palmer House in Chicago during the late Republican Convention, Geo. C. Gorham remarked sarcastically that he "had no respect for a reformed prostitute." He might have made the same remark in relation to Schurz and Curtis, for the latter was always able to take care of his henchmen in fat Federal offices in New York, while the former even went so far as to place twenty-five appointments in the Interior Department at the disposal and control of a well-known Democratic newspaper editor and proprietor, who unblushingly sold them for a monthly stipend of $15 each. I mention these de-

tails merely to show the character and antecedents of the "Mugwump" crew who arrogate unto themselves the high privilege of shaping the policy of Mr. Cleveland's administration. Under the guise of "reform" they insist that a horde of civil officers be retained in their positions, for no reason on earth save that they are now in office. These "Mugwumps" even have the "cheek" to compare the Government clerks to the employés of railroad and telegraphic companies, and they argue that it would be as reasonable for a changed management of such corporations to turn out old and tried employés as it would be for a new administration to apply a bran-new broom to the Government Departments and their dependencies throughout the country.

The cases are not analogous in any sense. The railroad employés and telegraphic operators, as a rule, are worked very hard—from twelve to fifteen hours a day—receiving about one-half the compensation given Government employés. In no sense are their positions regarded as *sinecures*. On the other hand, the thousands of fat offices dispensed by the Government are *sinecures*, many of the men who fill them not earning one-tenth of their salaries. It is safe to assert that not over one-half of the Government clerks earn their salaries. Hundreds of them are terrorized over by corrupt and tyrannical chiefs of divisions, and made to do more than their share of the work, while the favored class, those who have strong backing, neglect their work, and are rarely seen at their desks. This is the case with both males and females. Hundreds of women go to their desks at 10 o'clock, read the morning papers until 11, go to their lunch at 12, and retire to their homes at 1 P. M. Their "influence" is strong, and they snap their fingers in the faces of those who criticise their conduct. I once knew a woman clerk in the War Department who threatened to send an old colonel, the chief of her division, out to the plains if he did not stop reprimanding her for going to her work so late in the mornings. The rum-nosed old warrior lost no time in reporting the giddy creature to Ramsay, then Secretary of War. "What did she say?" asked Ramsay. "Why, she said that she would have me ordered out to the plains," replied the colonel. "Well, I guess you had better not molest her further, or she may proceed to execute her threat," rejoined Ramsay. Are clerks of this class, and the generally well

fed and clad "pets" and "strikers" of Republican Senators and members, to be likened to the over-worked employés of railroad and telegraph companies? Verily, Schurz, Curtis & Co. should wear veils when they appear upon the streets, lest a gullible public see their smiles of contempt for the credulity of those simpletons who take stock in their absurd pretensions.

Again, the civil service system actually places a premium upon political "sneaks." Those clerks and employés who refused to aid their party, who retired into holes without having the manhood to work for the party which gave them offices, are to be retained at the Federal feed-trough, while those who exerted their prerogatives as American citizens, and who dared to live up to their convictions, are to be cut off without remedy. As a matter of fact both classes should be made to vacate, especially those who have been longer than eight years in position. In that length of time any provident man or woman could have saved up money enough to embark in private business, and because they did not do so, and are as poor now as when they first took hold of the Federal *teat*, is nobody's fault but their own. Mr. Cleveland will have to elect between the "Mugwump" and the Democratic leaders. He will not be permitted to run with the "hare" and the "hounds." He must either repudiate the Schurz–Curtis crew, or be eventually stranded by them on the rock of failure and defeat. What will it profit if he retain the sympathy of the "Mugwump" crowd if he lose the support of the "Solid South?"

Moreover, it will be impossible for the changed administration to institute reform with all the machinery of the Government in the hands of Republicans. It must be recollected that the chiefs of divisions, auditors, commissioners, &c., are in fact naught but "figure-heads." A high public officer, however honest and well-meaning, has to look to the clerks under him to do his work, and he cannot be held responsible for its faithful performance unless those who are to do it are in sympathy with the party in power. In the interest of true reform it would be far better for Congress to vote the old Republican office-holders a gratuity of $2,000 each, giving to them an indefinite leave of absence, and place in their stead a new force, who alone will be equal to the emergency of purifying the public service. To protect the dishonest practices

hitherto in vogue, by keeping in office a class of men, many of whom are personally interested in cloaking up the fraudulent system of book-keeping long practised in all of the Departments, will be to make true Democracy a by-word and a reproach, and to invite overwhelming Democratic disaster in 1888.

If Mr. Cleveland was not elected to reform abuses, if he was not elected to overhaul the dubious system of book-keeping in vogue in all the Departments, and if he was not elected to generally purify the public service, I would be glad to learn from some "Mugwump" what he really was elected for.

The American people certainly would have preferred Mr. Blaine, as a medium for keeping in office the Republican incumbents, to Mr. Cleveland.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JOURNALISTIC JOBBERS.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF SOME OF THE MEN WHO REPRESENT METROPOLITAN JOURNALS.

Perhaps the most unscrupulous and unprincipled set of men at the National Capital are the "specialists" of so-called leading newspapers. As a rule these men accept their journalistic trusts because of the fine facilities they present for bleeding corporations and getting money easily from divers lobbying schemes. There are about a dozen of these journalistic sharpers in Washington, who are as fine specimens of the genus whited sepulchre as the nation affords.

I cannot better portray these fellows than to liken them to the proud bird of liberty that perches itself on a high eminence, and as the unsuspecting fish-hawk passes with its prey it scoops down upon it and boldly carries off the prize. The average journalistic bird of prey is thoroughly adept in the fine art of knowing a good thing when he sees it. He watches the proceedings of Congress with interest, and whenever he snuffs a job in the congressional air he ambles to the front, demanding that he be given a share in the "steal." One of these fellows, who represents nominally a leading Northern newspaper, always keeps a list of members and Senators, and just before a vote is reached on a doubtful measure he appears before the claimant and demands $300 or more for each vote that is given for it. Perhaps he never said a word to a member about the bill, but if it runs the gauntlet he expects compensation all the same, and generally gets it. He is a bold operator, or, as some people would call him, a blackmailer, but he has made money, and can well afford to ignore the snubs of his less lucky rivals. The experience of Col. N. W. Fitzgerald with men of this class is fresh in the public memory.

When the proceedings against Fitzgerald were first instituted in the newspapers and the courts, I seriously advised him to divide out $20,000 among the journalistic and judicial knaves at Washington. He declined to heed my advice, and as a result they broke

up his large pension business, thus damaging him to the extent of a quarter of a million of dollars.

He freely confesses now that he committed a blunder in not throwing a few bones to the carrion crows of the press. Here was a man who had gotten through hundreds of thousands of pension claims, thus carrying sunshine and happiness to many hearthstones, who was systematically despoiled simply because he would not give up a portion of his earnings. When the cases against him were called for trial, so convinced was the court that Fitzgerald was the victim of a conspiracy, and that he had done no wrong, that he ordered a *nolle prosequi* entered as to all of them, to the evident regret of the superficial *Corkhead.*

Another well-known newspaper man about the Capital is a fellow who, as a clerk in the Treasury Department, engineered and passed through that unsavory establishment a fraudulent claim. His portion of the "boodle" enabled him to make a lucky investment which has since paid him a hundred-fold. Two swell journalists, more remarkable for brass than brains, who sail through our planet over the names of Ramsdell and White, were made famous in one night by being locked up in the congressional crypt as recalcitrant witnesses. Another Washington swell of the quill is a fellow as ignorant as an Illinois mule, whose literary effusions are written by his energetic wife.

About a decade ago the old Washington Chronicle fell into the hands of a set of characterless and brainless "Christian statesmen," who, having lost their hold upon the Federal teat, bethought them that they might pocket some of the "swag" as full-fledged journalists. The venture soon came to grief, leaving scores of printers and reporters who even unto this day refuse to be comforted, because of their inability to recover their wages and salaries. If I mistake not, the aforesaid Corkhead was at one time the managing editor of the concern. An old printer, who then worked on the Chronicle, told me that while he was unable to get pay for his nightly work the editors were regularly drawing salaries rang ing from $4,000 to $10,000. The brightest and most conscientious journalist at Washington during the Grant *regime* was Col. Ed. P. Brooks, now of Peoria, Ills. Brooks was not popular with his unscrupulous contemporaries, who soon exerted sufficient influence

to have a man of the name of Soteldo substituted for him. In 1875 Rollin H. Kirk, a member of the South Carolina bar, located in Washington. He soon began to dabble in journalism, and would have attained prominence in the profession had he not incurred the enmity of the aforesaid journalistic foot-pads. Such was the hostility that the old ringsters evinced toward him that they meanly deprived him of a seat in the reporters' gallery of the House. He finally secured a clerkship in one of the Departments, where he spent the major portion of his time in attacking the frauds of high and low degree by whom he was surrounded, especially those connected with the press.

Many a thorn has he thrust into their flanks, they not knowing who dealt the blow, so cautious was he lest they use their influence with creatures like Upton, Lamphere, and Hawley, late Treasury officials, to secure his dismissal. Kirk used to openly boast that he could any day set the journalistic blackmailers to reviling each other, by the publication of a paragraph or two in one of the Washington dailies. He was manifestly a stirrer up of strife and discord, seemingly greatly amused at the rantings of his victims. He lost a fortune by the late war, and openly boasted that the salary paid him by the Government was justly due him, being only a moiety of what he had been so unnaturally despoiled. But of all the nauseating, disgusting characters about Washington, commend me to the shallow-pated sycophants who "write up" the society columns for the Washington papers. In return for a dinner, or even a glass of poor whiskey, these "society writers" will make mention of the lowest men and women. One fellow invariably prefaces his Sunday morning effusions with laudatory allusions to "the President." Every Sunday morning for the past year I have watched and prayed for the announcement that this fellow had been sent by Arthur to a "warm climate," as a reward for his nauseating labors. Perhaps Arthur's stomach was not equal to the emergency of swallowing all the idiocy that he read about himself. A White House *attaché* recently confessed to me that Arthur has far more respect for a bold, defiant newspaper like the Washington Gazette than he cherishes for namby-pamby papers like the Republican and the Capital. About four years ago George Alfred Townsend paid Washington a mysterious and secret visit. He had

a scheme on foot, which was no more nor less than the establishment of a newspaper to be started and supported by Department clerks. Through his agents he endeavored to impress the Department people how immeasurably improved would be their condition, how much better they would be treated by snobbish bureau chiefs and arrogant appointment clerks, did they but have a newspaper of their own, through which they could strike back. After weeks of diligent canvassing only $10,000 was subscribed, just the amount of George Alfred's salary. Of course the enterprise was abolished.

The man Butler, a reputed New York hotel clerk, late appointment officer under Judge Folger, sent for the aforesaid Rollin H. Kirk one day in 1881. Word had gone to Folger that a man named Bissell had written a scathing attack upon him. Butler was especially anxious to save his master, and hence his request that Kirk would obtain a copy of the article in question for the Secretary's perusal. Kirk, by a liberal expenditure of money, possessed himself of the article and delivered it to Butler, who in the most servile manner handed it to Folger. As is characteristic of the New York Yankee, Butler rewarded Kirk by greatly wronging him in less than two weeks. One of the few decent acts performed by Arthur was when with his stiff Executive boot he lifted this fellow, Butler, into the shades of private life.

The advance orders for large numbers of this volume will necessitate the publication of a second and larger edition within the next thirty days, when I shall more explicitly dwell upon the moral and intellectual delinquencies of the whited sepulchres of the Washington press. The theme is a prolific one, and I shall be equal to the emergency of exposing the scamps in all their naked deformity to the gaze of the American people.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

Washington as designed by nature and improved by art is doubtless the most beautiful city in this country, if not in the world. Its magnificent public buildings, embellished by all of the arts known to our civilization; its elegant private residences; its broad avenues and beautiful parks filled with rare trees; its clean concrete streets, shaded in summer by long lines of beautiful shade trees; its extensive libraries, equalled by none others in the world, and free to the public; its works of art, beautiful drives and historic reminiscences; its salubrious climate and general attractiveness, all combine to render it a desirable residence for persons of leisure. When we add to this its attractions as a social and political centre, the capital of a country containing 52,000,000 of people, with our extensive foreign relations with the countries of the Old World and the New, whose ministers and legations reside in our world-renowned city, we explain the reason why capital and genius are centering there, and so many magnificent houses being builded along her beautiful thoroughfares.

It is eminently and necessarily a metropolitan city so far as social and political life are concerned, and the fact that it is neither manufacturing nor commercial renders it both more distinctive and more desirable as a residence for those who seek enjoyment or diversion only, as well as for those who seek to mingle in the party or general politics of the country.

Here gather in winter the leading men and women of every State in the Union, in their various capacities of Government officers or legislators for the country, with their wives and daughters, together with lobbyists, capitalists, foreigners—persons who want office, and those who want legislation, it may chance, in the interest of an industry or a scheme, or perhaps of a railroad monopoly; the old soldier, for a pension; and the antiquated backwoodsman or woman with a claim against the Government, which he or she fondly hopes and expects will be paid on presentation, without realizing that the whole air of Washington and the pigeon-holes of the file-rooms of both Houses are pregnant with rejected claims and blasted hopes; that

the just and the unjust, the worthy and the unworthy, are buried in the same grave; that delays and postponements and hopes deferred have led, like an *ignis fatuus*, hundreds of applicants to an untimely grave—have led to penury and want, and dethroned the reason of many an honest man and woman who could readily have earned a competency and acquired happiness at home had they thrown the claim to the dogs and set about earning a livelihood instead of throwing good money after bad. But the infatuation, determination, and persistency of these claimants, to whom just enough of hope is held out to lead them on, is only paralleled by the love of the gambler for the gaming table. The very few who succeed tend to work up to a wild frenzy those who do not, and to incite in them a greater determination to persist in their efforts, and they hang around the lobbies of the Capitol and at the doors of committee rooms, many of them, with as little idea of the course of legislation as they have of the revolution of the planets in their orbits; they believe that they have the right to demand the time and attention of their congressman, and come to feel after a time that the Capitol belongs to them. Thus it sometimes happens that, for each consecutive session for ten years, one sees the faces of the same claimants, after a time haggard and worn, and threadbare, but still pursuing the same thought and feeding upon the same hope—the Government claim.

The busiest, the keenest, and not the least among the vast throng who gather at Washington in winter is the journalist, the inevitable and ever-present newspaper men. With an *entrée* everywhere, a *passe-partout*, no place is sacred from him. He jots down the words as they fall from the lips of congressmen, on bills important and unimportant, placing special emphasis upon any disagreement between members of the House and Senate, and adding to it a little spice of his own, while busy transcribers are writing out for the associated press, and sending over the magic telegraph wires, not only the business transacted by both Houses, but the important business transacted in committee rooms, which are really the work-shops—the cook-shops, so to speak—where all important legislation is engendered, compounded, pruned, and fitted for the action of the two great bodies who prepare and shape and enact the legislation of the country—too often, alas! with party zeal, for personal

emolument, or selfish ends, or to secure a re-election, rather than for the best good of the people, whose servants they are, and whose money pays their salary.

These busy, nimble fingers not only keep the balance of the world posted upon what Congress is doing, but write up the receptions of the President and Cabinet officers, the Speaker of the House and President of the Senate, the State dinners, and the toilets of the fair ladies who grace these occasions, as well as those of other distinguished ladies who grace Washington with their presence in winter during the gay season, and lend the charm of their sprightliness and wit to the good cheer. The dresses for these occasions are often matters of great concern to the fair wearers, costing weeks of time and small fortunes in the way of money in the manufacture, besides any amount of study for the effect. All of this the reporter is expected minutely to record, with correct names of material, style of lace, plaiting, jewels, or other ornament; and, unless error shall be made in the details, the fair wearer herself usually writes out the description in advance, and hands it to the reporter to be chronicled in the morning paper or telegraphed abroad. The struggle for ascendancy by the talented statesmen of the Senate and the House, or the effort to see who shall lead, is hardly greater, or shrewder tactics or nicer diplomacy entered into, than takes place among the ladies of Washington in winter for social supremacy and the desire to be first.

The telephones are kept busy with communications, orders, and requests to the several Departments of the Government, while the post-offices and telegraphs are loaded with messages, which keep up the connection and inter-relation between the congressmen and their several constituencies, to say nothing of cart-loads of Agricultural, Patent Office, Land Office, and other reports, which neither the congressman himself or his constituency ever read, but which are sent nevertheless with the same exactness and precision, as tokens of remembrance, each believing that the other has read the book, and for the purpose of the congressman holding on to his constituency, with a view to further emoluments or another election.

In the corridors of the Capitol and in the lobbies, from the opening to the closing of the sessions of Congress, a countless horde of

persons surge to and fro, composed of every class, every caste, every phase of society, from the millionaire, who has come to show off the seal-skin sacques and the diamonds of his wife and daughters, to the unpensioned one-legged soldier and the poor woman in search of a claim.

But not the last or the least of the crowd are the office-seekers. They come from every point of the compass under the sun, and for every variety of place, from that of Minister to Russia or the Court of St. James to the petty post-office of their town, or even a postal clerkship, and who are so persistent and imperative in their demands that a blank refusal does not damp their ardor. They fasten on to their respective congressmen like so many leeches; tell him what they did during the canvass to compass his election, and insist and persist that he shall demand a place for them. They belong to a class who will not take "no" for an answer, and are often bullying, insulting, and fulsome of threats for the "next election." The congressman is in a dilemma. In order to get elected he has promised every prospective place within his gift or influence in his district, and it is more than likely that they will all come down on him at once, demand the place, and take no denial. Perhaps he has no place to give or influence to get one. His measure is soon taken by those who wish to use him for the purpose of securing positions, and sometimes the situation gets so warm for him that he is not at home to callers, or leaves the city for a week. Thus the congressman's bed, which is usually supposed to be very desirable and very soft, is often full of thorns. Nor does his trouble cease with this class of applicants for place. There comes from his district a horde of women, young, talented, and handsome, or, it may chance, old, wrinkled, and sour—and it is difficult to tell which is most to be dreaded—who also want place. Their fortunes are desperate, their wants imminent, and their demands persistent. Something must be done, and that quickly. The youngest, handsomest, and most impudent usually gets a place, and the others wait on.

The lobbyist comes to stay until his bill is passed, if it takes all winter, and usually it does, and if he is a toney chap, means business, and is in the pay of a moneyed corporation, as often happens,

he comes with his pockets well lined, and after his bill is introduced and referred he gives a dinner to the committee. Thus by degrees he ingratiates himself into favor, takes the status of the men with whom he has to deal, learns their bearings and predilections, and if he is shrewd, as he ought to be, will very soon be able to tell just how much it will take to buy the committee. He is now ready to report to headquarters.

But, alas, for the poor man or woman who has neither money, tact, or influence, no matter how just or plain his bill. The winter drags on without action, or if his bill is calendared it is never reached, and the springtime finds him still watching and waiting, but poorer in hope and purse. The first few weeks of the session Congress is flooded with bills for every conceivable thing under the sun, not the half of which ever again see the light. About one-half of the balance are pigeon-holed before the session is over, and a feeble minority of the whole number, or perhaps one-fifth thereof, successfully run the gauntlet of the Holmans and the Randalls.

But the Washington society people often tire of the gaieties of life, and find a little time to devote to charitable purposes. Occasionally they get up grand charity balls, the preparation for which costs vast sums of money for costumes, &c. It is not uncommon for the Washington swells to expend, say, $10,000 dollars in ball-room paraphernalia to be exhibited and worn at a charity ball, when the proceeds of the entertainment will not reach $100. If there was a particle of sincerity in their efforts to help the poor, in whose behalf these balls are given, the money foolishly expended in giving them would be donated, and not the pitiful little contributions usually made, before they retire to their homes.

"DOTS" FROM A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

There is a quaint old French saying that a patient should always keep on good terms with his physician. With far more propriety should the average Washington society woman maintain friendly relations with her newspaper reporter. Perhaps in no city of the universe do the society people evince a greater amount of "cheek" in their efforts to have themselves conspicuously "written up" in the local papers than they do in Washington.

On extraordinary occasions, as for instance an inaugural ball, even the correspondents of the Washington, Chicago, and Philadelphia papers are besieged by stately dames and fair *belles* until they promise to minutely describe the costly *toilettes* in which they appear. It matters not how *pater familias* made his money, whether in army contracts or in congressional jobs, the female members of his family, destitute of a becoming amount of decency, boldly push themselves to the front, and rest not until they see their names and a description of their costumes appear in print. During the lonely summer months the average Washington reporter reclines on an humble cot in an attic, picking up a morsel here and there at cheap eating-houses. But his spirits never forsake him, because he knows that when winter comes he will fare sumptuously every day, or rather every night, when his high-toned "society" lady friends will slip him in at the back door and permit him to regale himself upon such delicacies as were left by the servants. If he happens to be "hard up," as is the rule rather than the exception, he does not hesitate to ask for the "loan" of $20 or $30, which he always gets. But the sensible Washington reporter never attempts to print his description of the costumes worn at balls and parties without first submitting it to the perusal of his patrons. Indeed it is common for society ladies, who possess the ability, to write out just what they want to see in print.

One fashionable *dame*, living in the West end, even goes so far as to have her articles printed, and furnishes printed "slips" to the different reporters and correspondents. It has not been three years since a reporter made a fatal blunder in his "society chat." The descriptive articles of the costumes of a fashionable household were handed to him at a late hour. In his hurry to get his "copy" into the hands of the printers, he carelessly changed the captions. Judge of the surprise of that household, when, on the next morning, they discovered that a charming *belle* of eighteen was represented as having appeared in the costume worn by "mamma," while *mater familias* was described as having been most bewitching in her daughter's lastest accession from Worth. But with all his tribulations and trials the Washington reporter is a good-enough fellow in his way. He is considerate for the shortcomings of those in whose employ he practically is—the society

swells. If one of them gets drunk enough at a banquet to go to sleep on a lounge, not only is no mention made of the fact in the next morning's paper, but to his surprise he reads a beautiful *post-prandial* effort which is attributed to him, but which in reality emanated from the reporter's prolific pen.

In 1875 I was directed by Col. E. P. Brooks, then managing editor of the National Republican, to report the proceedings of the Congressional Temperance Association, at Dr. Chichester's church, on Capitol Hill. On my arrival I found about two hundred ladies and children, with perhaps twenty men, present. There was but one congressman present, and he was to be the orator of the evening. "Is this the Congressional Temperance Association about which I have heard so much?" I inquired of the usher. "Yes, sir," he replied; "we never have but one congressman at our meetings. This evening Senator Ferry lectures, and at our next meeting we will have some other statesman to help on the good cause." I resided in Washington for nearly two years before I discovered that the Congressional Temperance Association was a "howling" fraud, and that at least one of the "Christian statesmen" who gave that body "monthly talks" was notorious for his fondness of the wine-cup. In speaking of newspaper men I must not neglect to relate a "good thing" gotten off by Mr. Blaine the other day. While taking his daily walk in Lafayette Square he encountered the eloquent and accomplished Judge Thomas J. Mackey. After exchanging the compliments of the day Judge Mackey said: "I see that the alliterative R. R. R. Burchard, a man of seventy-five, has just married a damsel of eighteen. I wonder who *gave the bride away* in such an incongruous match?" "Who gave her away," significantly answered Blaine; "I should think that Burchard himself might have *given her away*," he added, as he hurried on in the direction of his mansion.

While leisurely strolling along Pennsylvania avenue the other day I encountered a venerable "Jehu" who had often "wheeled" me on my mission of newsgathering. In response to my inquiry, he stated that since the *escapade* of the daughter of Jay Gould's broker, in New York, with the dashing young coachman, business in his line was improving. "To tell you the truth, sir," he added, "we 'night liners' who are getting along in years began to feel

very uncomfortable in regard to the future. We were being sadly neglected. If a cab was needed the one driven by a young fellow who sported a nice 'Newmarket' was always selected, leaving us older ones to regret that we were not as young as we used to be. But when Schelling ran off with the millionaire's daughter things began to brighten up at once. At present the good-looking young coachmen are not in demand; especially those that look like *dudes* and wear fashionable clothes. You see those old ladies who have marriageable daughters are afraid to trust them lest they play 'smashes' with the young girls' hearts. Yes, sir, they are quitting the cab business—those young men are—and unless luck changes soon I will be able to finish paying for my horses, when I hope to be able to buy a carriage that will 'knock the spots' out of any thing that now runs on our streets."

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST N. W. FITZGERALD AND OTHER PROMINENT PENSION AND CLAIM ATTORNEYS.

It is a little singular, but nevertheless true, that not until Dudley became Commissioner of Pensions was any attempt made to disbar the most respectable attorneys engaged in practice before the Pension Office. I shall state the facts in the case, leaving the public to draw its own inference. The notorious Dudley had not long been at the head of the Pension Office when he became very intimate with a fastidious pension attorney of the euphonious name of George E. Lemon. This Mr. Lemon had made a "good thing" out of "the dear soldiers," and was reputed to be rich. Now, Mr. Dudley, as is common with mankind, had an eye to the "main chance;" and it was not many weeks before the employés in the Pension Office discovered that the best way for them to please their master, Dudley, was by making all of Lemon's cases "special," and by hurrying them through as expeditiously as possible.

Dudley's pretext for this expedition in Lemon's cases was that the most of his business was from Indiana, and as he was from that State he would help his fellow-citizens there by getting their claims allowed as soon as possible. Not only did Dudley do all he could to further the interests of his friend Lemon in the Pension Office, but he also sent for one Corkhead, the pompous district attorney before described, and persuaded him to institute vigorous legal

proceedings against Fitzgerald and others. I will not say whether or not Lemon was often closeted with Dudley and Corkhead about that time. Suffice it to say Corkhead carried out his instructions faithfully, and Fitzgerald's business was destroyed. Meanwhile Corkhead's term of office was about to expire, when Fitzgerald visited Philadelphia for the purpose of invoking the aid of a friend of Attorney-General Brewster to prevent his reappointment. On Fitzgerald's arrival in the city of "Brotherly Love" he found the Attorney-General's friend absent down in Florida. He took the first train for the "Land of Flowers," and in due time found the "mutual friend," who telegraphed Brewster not to reappoint Corkhead. Mr. Brewster thereupon recommended the appointment of the present incumbent, Worthington. I mention this detail to let Corkhead know how it happened that he was so summarily "left," notwithstanding his declaration that "Guiteau's prediction ought to cause his retention in office." Ah! Corkhead, how simple in you not to know that the cigars and sherry of the "mutual friend" were far more weighty in Brewster's estimation than the prophecies of an hundred *lunatics* after the manner of Guiteau.

True, Fitzgerald's business was destroyed by the conspirators, but he had the satisfaction of seeing the daisies growing on the political graves of all the men who were parties to the ruin of his vast interests. But let me recur to Dudley. This man seems to have had a most efficient ally in the person of the "figure head" Ferris, the titular second auditor. This *creature* greatly interested himself in all of the Ohio pension cases just before the late October election in that State. The clerks in his office, if summoned before the proper congressional committee, would give all the particulars of how the public service was prostituted in the interest of the Republican party during the late election, on the express orders of the man Ferris. This Ferris should be given an indefinite leave of absence as soon after the 4th of March as Mr. Cleveland can possibly find the time to reach the case of this infinitesimally small New England codfish consumer. Although retired from the public service, Dudley is not poor, but on the contrary is reputed to have money enough to engage in the banking business. By carefully perusing the foregoing, the public may

draw its own conclusion as to the manner in which a thrifty public official has so suddenly transformed himself into a full-fledged banker.

There is another phase of Dudley's warfare on Fitzgerald and others that should he comprehended by the public. Take Fitzgerald, for instance. He had, perhaps, 50,000 clients who had paid him the legal fees for prosecuting their cases. Of course, when he was disbarred these clients had to retain other attorneys to represent them before the Pension Office. As a matter of fact, the vast majority of them gave their cases to Lemon, or rather Lemon got control of the cases when he bought out Fitzgerald's business. Meanwhile Congress increased the fees to $25. It is safe to estimate that these poor soldier clients, in the aggregate, paid to Lemon no less than $700,000 in fees to do the very work for which they had already paid Fitzgerald, and who would have successfully prosecuted their cases had he not been so illegally suspended. Assistant Secretary Joslyn recently testified before a Congressional committee that Fitzgerald was restored by Teller with the express understanding that he would sell out his entire business to Lemon. Away down in Texas and Kentucky, where, in such cases, the laws become *silent*, the recipients of such villanous treatment as that accorded to Fitzgerald and other reputable attorneys would have resulted in the instantaneous resort to the "shot-gun policy." If Mr. Dudley had cherished that high regard for the "dear soldiers" which he professed, it is not probable that he would have instigated proceedings against pension attorneys upon pretexts so flimsy that the court would not permit the cases to go to trial, which resulted in their having needlessly to pay the $700,000 above referred to in fees. There has been so serious a departure from equity and law in this whole matter as to prompt Congress and the courts to thoroughly investigate all the many suspicious details connected with what may be termed the most disgraceful *episode* that cropped out in an administration remarkable for unscrupulousness and jobbery.

In conclusion, I will state that I have refrained from exposing the libidinous proclivities of the public characters herein discussed simply because I desired to spare my readers the perusal of such sickening details. For weeks past such information has poured in upon me from all quarters, which, if published, would wreck

many homes. With a charity that hopeth all things, &c., I invoke them to mend their ways. They have unwittingly rendered the nation a service in that their domination so disgusted the country that they have been swept from place and power.

Verily, "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

THE END.

NOTE.—The chapter entitled THE POWER OF THE LOBBY was clipped from a Philadelphia paper, for which it was written by a Washington correspondent who has long been posted on the inner workings of the Third House.

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